THE LAND WE LOVE.

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GEN. HAMPTON'S REPORT OF THE ENGAGEMENT AT SAPPONY CHURCH.

HEAD QRS. HAMPTON'S DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS, A. N. Va., July 10, 1864.

COLONEL:

On the morning of 27th June, the General Commanding ordered me to move my command from Drury's farm to Stony creek, in order to intercept Wilson who was returning from Staunton River bridge to rejoin Grant's army. In obedience to these orders, I moved rapidly in the direction indicated with my division, Chambliss' brigade having been sent forward the evening previous. At 12 m. the next day I reached Stony creek depot where I found Chambliss. From this point scouts were sent out to find the position of the enemy and to ascertain what route he was pursuing. At 12 30 p. m. I wrote the General Commanding, suggesting that a force of infantry and artillery be placed at Reams' Station, as the enemy would have to cross the railroad there—Jarrett's, or Hicks' Ford. The scouts having reported what road the enemy were marching on, I notified General Lee of their position and informed him that I should attack them at Sappony Church, asking him at the same time to place the infantry at Reams' Station and to order Major General Fitz Lee to take position near there. These dispositions were made by the General Commanding, and in the meantime my command was put in motion. Chambliss, who was ahead, was ordered to push on to the Church and to charge the enemy as soon as he met him. Soon after crossing Sappony creek the enemy was encountered and he was gallantly charged by the 9th Virginia, and driven back beyond the Church. Here he occupied a strong position with dismounted men, and he succeeded in checking the charge. General Chambliss dismounted his men and took up a line near the church, when in a few moments he was heavily attacked. I brought up a part of the 7th Virginia to reinforce him and the attack was repulsed along the whole line. Young's brigade, under Colonel Wright, was then dismounted and put into position, the enemy in the meantime using his artillery and small arms rapidly. Soon after my line was established, Lieutenant Colonel Crawley, commanding the Holcombe Legion, (infantry,) brought

200 men of his command to join me and he was placed in the centre of the line. With these troops, the line, which was not a strong one, was held steadily all night, the enemy constantly making demonstrations and attacks upon it, but without the least impression. The fire of their artillery becoming very hot, I directed Major Chew to place two guns—all I had—under Captain Graham, where they could respond. These guns were well served and rendered me great assistance. The position of the enemy, who had two lines of works, was so strong, that I could not attack it in front, so at daylight, I threw portions of Butler's and Rosser's brigades on the left flank of the enemy. At the same moment Chambliss advanced the whole of the front line, and in a few moments we were in possession of both lines of works and the enemy were in full retreat leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. They were followed closely for two miles, when finding that they had taken the route to Reams' Station, I moved by Stony creek depot in order to get on the Halifax road to intercept them, should they attempt to cross below Reams'. Butler's brigade was sent to Malone's Crossing, two miles south of Reams' Station, and the other brigades were ordered to occupy the roads leading into the Halifax road. I moved up with Chambliss' brigade, following Butler, and soon after crossing Rowanty creek we met an advance of the enemy who had struck the Halifax road between Butler and Chambliss. These were charged and scattered, when another party were reported coming into the same road at Perkins' house. I took a portion of the 13th Virginia and meeting them, drove them back, and Lieut. Colonel Phillips pushed on, getting possession of the Bridge over the Rowanty.—Finding that a portion of the force which had crossed the creek, had taken a road leading east I sent Colonel Beale with two or three squadrons in pursuit. He followed them for four miles, capturing a large number and scattering the rest. The force of the enemy was entirely broken and the fragments were seeking safety in flight, in all directions. They scattered through the woods, and night coming on, the pursuit had to cease. Knowing that a portion of the enemy were retreating towards the Nottoway river on the stage road, I brought my command to Stony creek depot, which was the most central point, to let the men, who had been fighting all the night previous, obtain some rest, and that I might be where I could best intercept the party which was retreating west and south of me. My command was ordered to be ready to move at daylight, and I anxiously waited for some information which, would indicate the point at which the enemy would attempt to cross the Nottoway river. I had not heard one word of the result of the fight at Reams' Station, nor did I know the position of Major General Lee, or of the enemy. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th June I received a note directed to the "Commanding Officer Stoney creek depot" from General Fitz Lee, saying that he was "still pursuing the enemy, capturing prisoners, &c," and that he was five miles from Nottoway river on the Hicks' ford road. The note went on to say that General Lee thought "the enemy after crossing the river will try to cross the railroad at Jarrett's depot," and he wished "all the available force sent to that point to intercept their march until he gets up." I immediately moved my command in the direction of Jarratt's depot, but when I got within five miles of that place, some of my scouts who had been sent on, reported that the enemy had passed there at day

light. I then advanced to intercept them on the road leading to Peter's bridge, but though I made a rapid march, I found on striking the road, that the rear of their column had passed two hours previously. Had there been proper concert of action between the forces at Reams' and my own, there would have been no difficulty in cutting off the party which escaped by Jarratt's. In the fight at Sappony Church and during the following days, the enemy lost quite heavily in killed and wounded. We captured 806 prisoners, together with 127 negroes—slaves. My own loss, was 2 killed—18 wounded and 2 missing. The reports from General Chambliss and Colonel Crawley have not been sent to me. I regret to announce that the latter was severely wounded, and I beg to express my sense of the valuable services rendered to me by this officer and his command. General Chambliss by his gallantry, his zeal and his knowledge of the country, contributed largely to the success we gained. The officers and men of my own division behaved to my entire satisfaction, and the members of my staff gave me every assistance possible. Captain Graham, who had a section of his battery with me, did good service, and he was well supported by his command. The pursuit of the enemy, which ended near Peters' bridge, closed the active operations which commenced on the 8th June, when the movement against Sheridan began.—During that time—a period of 23 days—the command had no rest, was badly supplied with rations and forage—marched upwards of 400 miles—fought the greater portion of six days and one entire night—captured upwards of 2000 prisoners, many guns, small arms, wagons, horses and other material of war, and was completely successful in defeating two of the most formidable and well organized expeditions of the enemy. This was accomplished at a cost, in my division of 719 killed, wounded and missing, including 21 casualties in Chew's battalion, not mentioned in my previous report. The men have borne their privations with perfect cheerfulness; they have fought admirably, and I write to express before closing my reports, not only my thanks to them, for their good conduct, but my pride at having had the honor to command them. I am, very respectfully, yours,

WADE HAMPTON,
Major General.

To Lt. Col. Taylor, A. A. G.

NIGHT AND REST.—It is night, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists.—Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

HOLLY AND CYPRESS.

Merry old Christmas has come again,
With plenty of pleasure, naught of pain,
Ivy and mistletoe round his head,
And shining holly with berries red.
Happy and hearty, and full of glee,
The king of jolly good-fellows is he,—
Kindly and cordial, and blithe and free,
Jovial and joyous, we all agree
So goodly a Christmas we never did see!
Hark! hear his sleigh-bells jingle and shake,
Listen—what music his reindeer make
As down on the pavement and up on the roof
They daintily patter with delicate hoof.
Hear how he chirrups and sings and laughs;
See how he sparkles and shouts and quaffs
From his foaming flagon a health to all.
Mark how his fairy favors fall—
A Sceptre and Crown,
A Mitre and Gown,
A Ring and a Ribbon come glittering down,
And what wealth untold
Of the rare red gold
From his lavish treasure is richly rolled!
Happy and hearty, and full of glee,
The king of jolly good-fellows is he,—
Kindly and cordial, and blithe and free,
Jovial and joyous, we all agree
So goodly a Christmas we never did see!

So sings the world with its blatant mouth;
In it—not of it—the stately South,
Folding her mantle around her to hide
The gaping wound in her quivering side,
Listens in silence, then makes reply:
"Such is your portion, but what have I?
Desolate homes and a blighted land,
Sackcloth and ashes and blade and brand,
Grinding pressure beyond appeal,
Thong of scorpions and yoke of steel!
Bitter bereavement, pitiless pain—
Only my honor and truth remain!
Vanish'd the Christmas I knew of yore,
Empty the garners, stolen the store,
Perish'd the treasure, broken the band,
Which master and servant with heart and hand
Softened and brightened at Christmas fair,
Till the links of the chain lay light as air!
Links of the chain!—Ah! the bitterest grief
Lies in the lot of my captive chief,—
Prison'd in bars like a felon thing
He on whose brow God has written 'King.'

Shackled, insulted, tortured and tried,
Still, as a star in the firmament wide
Circled with shadows, vapors and night,
Draws from their contrast lovelier light,
He through his grief shines with heavenlier ray.
Bright and more bright to the perfect day!
Festal holly your wreath may be,—
Only the cypress crown for me!
Can any sorrow with mine compare!
Shall I not perish in weak despair!
No! In my misery's very excess
Find I strength and power to bless,
Leaving my present and future state
All to the God of the desolate!—
Knowing His promises firm and sure
Like the rock-ribbed frame of the earth endure.
Keeping this watch-word, happen what must,
'Though He slay me, yet will I trust!'
And as the Magi-monarchs of old,
Brought to the Manger spices and gold,
I and my children bring offerings meet,
And lay them low at our Maker's feet.
We proffer the gold of a purer faith,
The myrrh of love, and the spicy breath
Of thankfulness for the Christmas gift
Of the Prince of peace, and grateful lift
Our hearts to His throne, as we humbly pray
For the peace which passeth not away."

FANNY DOWNING.

THE CRIMES OF PHILANTHROPY.

If this phrase appear to any reader paradoxical, a very little reflection will convince him that it is only so in appearance. For, the greatest organized wrongs which the civilized world has seen perpetrated in modern times, upon the weil-being of mankind, have been committed under the amiable name of humanity. No despotic government now avows the ruthless purpose of self-aggrandizement and of the gratification of hatred and the lust of power; but its pretence is always the good of society, and the welfare of the governed. The wars of the "Holy alliance," which drenched Europe in blood at the beginning of this century were all undertaken nominally for the peace and liberties of Europe. No demagogue confesses, in popular governments, the greedy ambition or avarice which proves to be his secret motive: but he seeks only the good of the "dear people," while he betrays them into mischievous anarchy or legislative atrocities.

The religious persecutions, which have made nominal christianity the scourge of humanity, have all professed the same kindly purpose. When the excellent St. Augustine first exerted his influence and logic to make them respectable, he argued against the Donalists, that,

as the parent chastises a wayward son to save him from the ruin of his vices; or as a physician rouses the lethargic patient by pungent cataplasms, so the church, the guardian of souls, might lovingly rescue her wayward children from the curse of heresy, by imprisonments, fines and stripes. And this is the argument of persecution in all ages. All the racks, the funeral pyres, the *autos da fe* with which the Inquisition blackened Europe, were justified by this plea of love. Men were slain with protracted and exquisite tortures, out of mere humanity, and to save their beloved souls at the expense of their sinful flesh. It was from the same amiable impulse that Simon de Monfort went from the devout participation in the Lord's supper, to the storming and sack of Albigensian towns, and the butchery of their women and children. These enormities of a darker age are now as much deplored by enlightened and liberal Catholics as by Protestants themselves. The crusades against the Moslems also, justified their inconceivable barbarities, in part by a humane pretence: It was the protection and assistance of Holy Palmers, in their pilgrimages to the sacred places in Palestine, which moved the crusaders, along with zeal for the honor of Christ's sepulchre.

Another instance is presented by the colonial enterprizes of the Spaniards and Portugese in tropical America. In all these voyages and wars, which entailed upon the feeble aborigines the untold horrors of extermination, a devout and philanthropic enthusiasm was an active cause. Columbus himself was as much a missionary as a votary of science, in his life-long dreams of discovery. He proposed to the King and Queen of Spain the extension of the blessings of the gospel, as much of their empire, as the end of his projects; and wherever he and his successors landed upon the soil of America, they set up the cross along side of the banner of Castile. Of the Spanish adventurers, Prescott says; "Their courage was sullied with cruelty; the cruelty that flowed equally—strange as it may seem—from their avarice and their religion; religion as it was understood in that age, the religion of the crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion, than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived, amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration, that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace on earth, and goodwill towards man!" So, the contrast between Pizarro and his two partners, for the conquest of Peru, begins by invoking in the most solemn manner, the names of the "Holy Trinity and our Lady the blessed Virgin."—"In the name of the Prince of Peace," says Robertson, "they ratified a contract, of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects." Of the same transaction Prescott remarks; "The invocation of Heaven was natural, where the object of the undertaking was, in part, a religious one. Religion entered more or less into the theory, at least, of the Spanish conquests in the new world." * * * "It was indeed a fiery cross that was borne over the devoted land, scathing and consuming it in its terrible progress; but it was still the cross, the sign of man's salvation, the only sign by which generations yet unborn were to be rescued from eternal perdition."

Thus it would seem the piety of Christendom has projected itself upon Asia and America as a flood of rapine and destruction. Nor can the Anglo-Saxon race of Protestants claim advantages over the Peninsular, in the results of their enterprizes in America, as to the aborigines. They crossed the ocean professedly in pursuit of freedom, religious liberty and civilization. The consequence of their appearance has been likewise the extermination of the red man.

But the missions planted by ecclesiastics in tropical America presented a still more glaring perversion. Until the beginning of this century, in some of these missions, military expeditions were annually equipped by the holy fathers, against the neighboring pagan tribes, piously termed *cazas de las almas*, "hunts for souls," for the purpose of capturing as many persons as they could, and subjecting them to a compulsory baptism and training. These involuntary converts were then distributed among the families of the priests or the christianized Indians, to be trained by servitude to habits of industry and morality. Thus, armed men were seen, in the name of humanity and mercy, assailing and burning towns, murdering helpless families, and dragging the wretched survivors into bondage with all the ferocity of the African slave-catcher.

When the cruelties of these various forms of religious fanaticism are considered, it is not allowable to account for them by asserting the conscious hypocrisy of the perpetrators. From the days of Saul of Tarsus until these, many a persecutor could doubtless say, that they "verily thought" they ought to do these things. In many a scourge of humanity, the evidences of sincerity have been unquestionable; and the general integrity of character has served only to enforce the rigor of their determination.

In the instances which have been now cited, other purposes have been mixed with those of philanthropy, and have perhaps been the main ones, while the humane designs were secondary.—But yet more remarkable examples have occurred, where the most cruel inflictions which have cursed mankind, have sprung out of the express purpose to contribute to his welfare; and where the very apostles of humanity have shown themselves the most vindictive towards their fellow men. The reader of history will recall to mind that the African slave trade, with all its perpetual intestine wars, its burnings, massacres and rapes, its chains and dungeons, and the horrors of the "middle passage," originated in a compassionate plan of the benevolent Bartholomew Las Casas, to relieve the Indians of the Spanish Islands from the burden of slavery. It was his sympathy with their sufferings, which caused him to invent this expedient, of substituting the hardier negro under the yoke.

But the eminent instances of the crimes of philanthropy are those of our own age. And among these, none stands higher in this bad eminence than the "*reign of terror*" under the ascendency of the French democrats, at the close of the last century. The first revolution in France was especially the work of its infidel, humanitarian philosophers; who taught the perfectibility of human nature, the natural rights and equality of man, and the intrinsic injustice of all distinctions of rank; who traced to these all the miseries of human society, and heralded the era of political equality as a second golden age. The *motto* of the fiery democrats trained in their school was, *liberty, equality, fraternity*. They boasted that their mission was to restore to all orders of men, through the potency of these principles, that universal happiness and harmony, plenty

and love, of which civilized societies had hitherto been cheated through the malignant cunning of priests and magistrates. Well, they overturned the throne, the nobility, the altar, the constitution; they held in their hands the naked constituent elements of the commonwealth, to remould them as they listed, and to give the fullest application to their principles; and the result was the *Reign of Terror*. *Marat* became the organ of the party of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" through the press; and the ferocious Danton through the tribune. The former through his newspaper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, croaked his perpetual demands for blood, like a ghoul, saying that it would never be well with the cause of fraternity, until two hundred and sixty thousand heads fell before it. This was the precise number of the human hecatombs, which this apostle of humanity demanded, to satiate his Moloch. Danton, on the other hand, mounted the tribune, which was the pulpit of this new gospel of philanthropy, to thunder his demands for accelerating the guillotine, or authorizing the September massacres. And it was ever in the name of this amiable cause, that Robespierre, that incarnation of snaky cruelty, devoted fresh thousands to murder. It is not necessary to repeat the pictures of this season: the very term, Reign of Terror, carries to every student of history a meaning more descriptive of misery, cruelty, crime, and agony, than any details could convey. The total of these sacrifices, as coolly given by the socialist *Proudhomme*, tells the tale better than rhetoric can do it; it was one million and twenty two thousand, made up as follows: of the guillotined in Paris, eighteen thousand: victims slain or executed in Lyons, thirty-one thousand: murdered by the ferocious Carrier at Nantes, thirty-two thousand: slain in battle, massacre, and execution, in miserable La Vendee, nine hundred and forty thousand. Of this total, about forty five thousand were women and children!

From that day to this, the Jacobin party have unfailingly exhibited the same frightful combination of philanthropic cant, with a truculent ferocity of spirit.—"With their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips." And this manifestation is, if possible, only the more conspicuous, amidst the professed christianity of Old and New England. Do these pretended assertors of the rights of man organize themselves as Chartist clubs? Then we see them wielding, as their chosen instruments, against all who presume to question the safety and wisdom of their plans, fiery invective and denunciation, the incendiary's torch, and secret assault or assassination. Or does the Jacobin creed embody itself again in the professed "Liberal Party" of Bright on the other side of the Atlantic, and of his cousin-germans—the progressives—on this side? Then the same contrast is displayed between the atrocity of their spirit, and the humanity of their pretensions, by the zest with which the latter have perpetrated, and the former have applauded, the recent horrors in the late Confederate States. Humanity, in their mouths, means, favor to those who assist their overweening and headstrong projects, with ruthless injustice and violent persecution, robbery, arson and murder, to all who presume to doubt their propriety.

This recent type of Jacobinism illustrates the cruelty of humanitarian philanthropy in our day, by two of its favorite schemes, abolition of negro slavery, and the Peace Society. The former, in the British colonies, has just glorified its zeal for human welfare, by converting a number of thou-

sands of prosperous fellow citizens into paupers and exiles, and a race of contented, useful, and improving peasantry, into savages; while it is now, on this side of the ocean, "in the full tide of successful experiment," advancing towards the same benevolent result. The former have been engaged for thirty years, in painting the horrors of war, in describing with moving words, the prodigal waste of human happiness and life which attends it, and in denouncing even defensive war, as an invention of the devil, utterly unworthy of a christian nation. It is also the same men usually, who declaim against the harshness and barbarity of the capital punishments denounced against the chief crimes by our criminal laws.—Now the plain people amongst us, who draw their maxims of common sense from the Bible, have questioned, from the first, the genuineness of this humanity; it appeared to them a little queer, that those special advocates of forbearance, were almost always peculiarly overbearing in their temper towards dissentients, that they were very intolerant in their advocacy of tolerance, and very belligerent in the tone in which they urged peace. The true *animus* of the party was correctly foreshadowed by the spirit of one of its members, who appeared, a quarter of a century ago, to advocate the Peace Principles, at the bar of a dignified ecclesiastical assemblage in America, and to enlist its support for them. In his bustling labors in the lobby, he declared that christianity forbade to the individual, and to society, all violent resistance of injury; that to retort the intended suffering on the aggressor was inconsistent with true humanity: and that all which was necessary to disarm assault, was, for everybody to practice a determined passivity and non-resisting love.—The members of the body which he addressed were then characterized by a sturdy, old-fashioned sense, for which it has unfortunately not been since so conspicuous. They attempted to induce the ardent man to bring his principles home to his own person, in such a case as the following.—"Suppose that some son of Belial should attack you without provocation, in the absence of all legal protection, and with evident purpose of injury to life or limb: what would you do?" "I should declare my purpose of non-resistance," he replied. "and appeal with confidence to his conscience. It is the sight of resistance, which gives resolution to the rising impulse of aggression; a thoroughly peaceful attitude will surely awaken the better nature of an assailant, and make him relent, before he strikes." "Yea, but," said they, "there are men in whom conscience and the better nature are effectually seared, who would only be encouraged by the prospect of non-resistance."—"Still," answered he, "I would retain my passive attitude, and display the majesty of meekness, so that it would be impossible for him actually to strike." And these boastful words he uttered with an air of angry assumption, as foreign from his professed meekness as it was evidently adapted to provoke assault. The next day, the ecclesiastical body agreed, out of respect for the cause of humanity which he professed to advocate, to hear his views. He urged them with much warmth and self-confidence, to adopt resolutions committing themselves to his theory; and when the objections of sober good sense were urged, flew into a furious passion, denounced his opponents, and flung himself out of the house in true fighting temper.

This incident gives a correct type of the combined ignorance of their own hearts and of other men's, and errors of reasoning, by

which this sect is infested. And it foreshadowed precisely, the fiendish temper with which they have themselves met the shock of real resistance. When they found a people who begged to be excused from the intrusions of their unauthorized meddling, and the propagation of their pet schemes of philanthropy, these peace-society men, who denounced even defensive war an inhuman crime; who—shuddered, sweet souls!—at the sight of a drop of the criminal aggressor's blood, and preferred that it should be spared even at the cost of the blood of the innocent; who were busy sending committees to the Czar as the head of the first military monarchy of Europe, to teach him how wicked bayonets were, and remonstrating with the King of Dahomey against his royal slave-hunts; these opponents of capital punishments, who, more merciful than the 'Father of Mercies,' declared that it was quite cruel that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed by man; these superfine sentimentalists, paused in their sanctimonious pastimes, and, almost to a man, passionately joined the clamor of the party, who demanded the extermination of their fellow citizens, for the high crimes of daring to have opinions of their own, and asserting their own prescriptive rights. It was precisely from this quarter that the loudest howl for plunder, murder, famine and conflagration came! Abundant proof this, that the ruling motive of such philanthropy is not love; but an intensely selfish love of power, mental conceit, and hunger for applause.

This phenomenon is as curious as it is mortifying to the true friend of humanity. Hence the explanation of it is interesting, and, if it can be accomplished, profitable to all such. An attempt will be made towards the explanation, by setting worldly philanthropy in contrast with true christianity. Although the former is perpetually borrowing the name and language of the latter, it will appear that they are contrasted in their principles; and the principles of godliness will help to explain those of the counterfeit.

Philanthropy proposes as its end, *advantage to man.* Christianity declares that *man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever.* Its doctrine is that "God hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked also for the day of evil;" that "of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." Its one precept is; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

It is very true that the humanitarians, clamorously reject this great proposition as an odious dogma. Just here, then, they and God join issue. They say that since disinterestedness is the property of every virtuous act, and selfishness is the hateful root of vice, in all other beings, it would be immoral in God, thus to propose himself as his own supreme end, and to arrogate to himself the services of all creatures, exhausting their well-being upon himself. They urge that this would be selfishness more enormous than that of sinful men, just as its claims are more vast. They exclaim that this scheme makes God the great egotist of the universe. On the contrary, they display their own scheme in enviable contrast for its disinterestedness, as making the welfare of our fellow men the chief end.

These cavils against the christian law assume that it is intrinsically wrong for a being to direct his aims to his own well-being.—But this is not true. There is a sense in which self-love is lawful, even for a creature; yea, the absence of it may be positive sin.—

There is another reason why the selfishness of fallen man is criminal: It is because a question of prior right intervenes. Our Creator puts in claims to the fruits of our existence, which are superior to all others; and therefore it is sin to be supremely selfish, because it robs our Maker of that which we received of Him. But God is indebted to none for His existence and powers. He alone is eternal, uncaused, and independent. Obviously then, it is invalid to reason that, because, in a creature, supreme egotism would be an odious crime, therefore it would be a vice in the uncreated God. That regard for one's own well-being which, even in the creature, may be a proper subordinate end, may be in the Creator a most righteous supreme end.

But christianity can defend itself with more positive arguments upon this point. God, being immutable, is ever actuated by the same motives. But when his eternal purpose of creation and providence subsisted in his mind, "before he had made the highest part of the dust of the earth," or laid the foundations of the heavens, he must have been self-moved thereto; for the irrefragable reason, that nothing else existed besides himself, to be a motive. Is it said that creatures, the future recipients of his beneficence, were present in thought, and were the motives of his purpose? The reply is at hand, that they existed as yet, only in his purpose; which purpose was the expression of his own subjective desire and impulse alone, seeing nothing but himself existed. Hence the very purpose to create creatures to be the recipients of his bounty, was simply the result of self-gratification,—none the less self-gratification, because the perfections of nature thereby indulged were infinitely benignant. But whatever was God's motive in the earliest eternity, is his motive still; for he is without "variableness, or shadow of turning."

When it is remembered that we are creatures, it is easily concluded, that our highest duty is to God. He is the author of our existence, our powers, our happiness, and supporter of our nature. He is our proprietor, in a sense so high that all other forms of ownership almost vanish away, when set beside God's. He is, moreover, by his own perfections, the properest object of all reverence, homage, and suitable service. So that, manifestly, it is the highest virtue in the creature, that he should offer to God the supreme tribute of his being and service. But if it is obligatory on the creature to offer this, it cannot be wrong in God to accept it.

Hence, we repeat, God's most proper ultimate end, in all His creation and government, is the gratification of His own adorable perfections in His acting. And the creature's highest duty is not chiefly to seek his own good, or that of his fellow-creatures; but the glory of God. He is the centre, in whom originated all beings, and to whom all should tend.—His will and glory is the keystone of the whole moral order of the universe. As it was the gratification of His infinite activity which originated all creature existences, with all their powers of doing and enjoying, so it is His self-prompted desire to diffuse His infinite beneficence, which is the spring of all the well-being in the universe.—And here is the conclusive answer to the cavil which we have been discussing: How can it be selfishness in God to make the gratification of His own nature his supreme law, where that nature is infinitely unselfish, and benevolent? In this light, the objection is seen to be of a piece with that wretched philosophizing which argues, that, because the loving mother, the sympathizing benefactor, are actuated by their own subjective

impulse, in succouring the objects of their kindness, and find pleasure in the act, therefore it is not disinterested. Common sense, as true philosophy, replies; aye, but is not the pleasure itself a pleasure in disinterestedness? What higher definition of a disinterested nature can be given, than to say that its most instinctive pleasure is in doing good?

Thus, as God's own most suitable end is the satisfaction of His own excellent perfections; so the creature's chief end is to glorify and enjoy Him. This benevolent God has, of course, given the duties of benevolence to man a large place in the law which he has enacted for men; but even in our freest acts of beneficence to our fellows, we are required to have a reference supremely to Him whose creatures they are. Love to our neighbor is to be a corollary from love to our God. We are chiefly to seek his glory in their good, as in our own; and these are always in complete harmony. Hence it follows that whenever man makes his own, or his fellows' good his chief end, he necessarily comes short of that good; and the only way to gain it, is to seek the higher end. Nor is there a paradox, when we thus say, that in order that man may truly attain his own well-being, he must truly prefer something else to it. Is it not a parallel, and an admitted truth, to say, that it is only when the virtuous man prefers some better end than applause, in his actions, that they are truly virtuous and deserving of applause? An instructive instance of this great law of our well-being is found by every one in common life. Who has not experienced this: that the days and the efforts which have been especially devoted to our own enjoyment, have usually disappointed us of enjoyment, while the days, which we devote primarily to duty, are thickly strewn with wayside flowers of unexpected pleasure?

Christian philanthropy derives its efficiency, no less than its purity, from this, that it all flows from the christian's love of his God. He is an object, who never disappoints us, who never changes nor forgets; who never shows himself forgetful or neglectful of our affectionate service; who never disgusts our efforts by unworthiness; and who has pledged the most generous reward to every true act of humanity. But if we make man our chief end, he usually shews himself, soon, unworthy to be our end. He alienates our love; he disgusts us by the follies and crimes which cruelly counteract our efforts for his good; he renders us indignant by his ingratitude. Such an idol as this can never animate us with a devotion, which will rise to the pure and enduring self-sacrifice of christian charity. Hence, if for no worse reason, worldly philanthropy is ever feeble, unsteady, evanescent.

But it is time to pursue, in turn, this part of the contrast. The latter scheme proposes as our most proper and virtuous end, not God's glory; (this would be, say they, to make God the infinite egotist) but man's good. *Advantage to man* is its highest aim. And this, the humanitarian claims, is true disinterestedness. This forbids selfishness as the ruling motive to man, as it disclaims it for God.—(Might they not as well say at once, *forbids* it to God, also; and thus disclose their real impiety?) This, therefore, they urge, is the true, the morally beautiful and amiable theory of life.

Let us see. By what logic can it be justly denied that whatever is made our highest ultimate end is practically made our God? It is nothing to the purpose that names and titles are politely exchanged, and man is still called the creature, and Jehovah the God. Virtually, the aggregate of humanity is made our true divini-

ty, by being made our moral end; and Jehovah is only retained (if retained at all) as a sort of omnipotent conveniency and Servitor to this creature-God. Further, this result is immediately seen to be involved; that, inasmuch as the philanthropist is himself a part of this aggregate humanity, "by nature equal" to any other part, he is a part of his own God! He himself is, in part at least, his own supreme end! Is there no inkling of a supreme egotism here?

But now, if humanity is our supreme end, and if this humanity is as truly embodied in one individual of the race, as in all, and if each individual is "by nature equal;" by what valid argument shall that man be refuted in the interests of philanthropy, who shall choose to say, that he recognizes in that humanity embodied in himself, his own nearest, and most attainable end? He may plausibly add, that nature herself sanctions this conclusion, by the powerful and instinctive principle of self-love which she has implanted; and yet more forcibly, that since man's finite powers can only serve this aggregate humanity, by serving some individual or individuals within it, and efforts directed equally to the whole must be wholly nugatory; and since nature has given to each man more efficient means to influence his own destiny than that of any other man, and more direct responsibility therefor, it is obvious that his truest virtue will be to seek his own personal good, in preference to that of any, or of all others? Such is precisely the process, stated with analytic precision, which passes in an involved and semi-conscious form, through the minds of myriads of the children of this world, determining them to the supreme indulgence of selfishness. Is not this but an expansion of the process by which Hobbes, that "Leviathan" of infidel philosophers, concluded, that the normal state of man was a contest of each individual's supreme self-love against each other's?

And now, by what argument shall it be refuted, from the humanitarian premises? Will men attempt it, by adopting the scheme of Jonathan Edwards, which defined virtue as "love to being in general," and required the first love to be given to the greatest aggregate of being? Will they say that one should prefer the good of mankind to his own, because the race offers a larger aggregate of humanity than the individual? This will hardly be ventured at this day, after the extravagant deductions of Godwin's Political Justice have displayed the absurdity of the theory. But besides; since the devil and his angels are exceedingly numerous, and creatures majestic in natural endowments compared with man, it is probable that they present a greater aggregate of being than mankind; whence it would follow, that we are morally bound to prefer the welfare of demons to that of men. Shall the theory be amended, then, by saying that it is the largest aggregate of virtuous being, only, which claims our preference, and first love? Then, first, suffering humanity would share least; because ours is a guilty and depraved race; and usually, men's miseries (and so their need of philanthropic aid) are in proportion to their sins.—And second: since God presents immeasurably the largest aggregate of virtuous being, this leads us back to God as our supreme end; precisely the result which the humanitarian desires to shun.

Or will the refutation of inordinate selfishness be sought from the more harmless theory of Jouffroy; that, as the human reason, educated by experience, compares the instinctive desires of its fellow men for their personal good, with

its own, it recognizes their equality, and generalizes the law of the golden rule, as the proper moral order of the whole? The ready answer is, that if this is the moral order, then it is recognized by the pure reason as the obligatory order. But obligation implies an obligator; so that, by this process again, we are led back to God; and our virtue is made to consist in conformity to his supreme will. But, if the moral is rightfully the dominant faculty in man, does not this also make God our supreme end?

We re-affirm the charge, that on humanitarian grounds, an absolute selfishness is a logical conclusion; so that the boast of disinterestedness which they make, is found hollow; and the reproach they attempt to cast upon christianity is retorted upon themselves. It is a significant confirmation of this charge, that this egotistical conclusion has been expressly avowed by one school among those most subtile of antichristian philosophers, the German idealists. This party, asserting that the whole materials of human thought are to be formed in the data of our consciousness alone, then declare, that consciousness gives us naught but our own ideas, that what we delusively call the objective sources of our sensations and perceptions, are nothing more than the necessary limitations of our own thought and feeling.—Thus no evidence remains for the existence of an outer world of either mind or spirit distinct from the conscious self; and the only universe which remains is the something which thinks. Self, God, the world, are reduced to one; and that one is not a personal being, but an eternal impersonal power of thought. "Now," says the German Pantheist, in the last refinements of his frightful theory; "since I, God, humanity, are one, let either God or humanity be the proper end of existence, since these are only developed consciously to me in myself, self is the nearest and properest object to receive this supreme homage; and absolute self-gratification is my highest rational end. Whatever I happen to prefer is to me, the truest and chiefest good; whatever I happen to will, is the highest right."

Hence the reflecting man need not be surprised to find these humanitarians, who set out with the proudest boasts of benevolence, end with the most engrossing selfishness. The highest professors of this creed have ever been the most cruel of men.

The impotency of this system for good is farther explained by comparison with another law of christian benevolence. As the latter is founded on the love of God, for its motive, and looks to a future recompense for its personal reward, so it requires the christian who "would go about doing good," to resemble his Savior in his spirit of self-sacrifice. Says the Apostle John; "Hereby perceive we the love (of God) because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren"—and Paul, suffering for God's people, "filled up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ, in his flesh for His body's sake, which is the church." It is true that to purchase atoning merit, or make satisfaction to Divine justice for others' guilt is a high prerogative, in which the sufferings of the Son of God must be forever unapproachable. But in the lower sense, there is a true analogy between the work of the "Man of Sorrows," when he "bare our grief, and carried our sorrows," and the beneficence of his followers. In all their efforts to relieve human suffering christians must suffer vicariously: they can only lift off the burden of a fellow man, by bearing a part of it themselves.—Their philanthropic ministry is

destined to be, like the humiliation of their Redeemer, essentially a season of trial; although cheered by not a few of those glimpses of solace drawn by hope from "the glory that should follow," which caused Christ, in the midst of his toils to "rejoice in spirit." The glory and blessedness are chiefly future, and are with God. Now these are the conditions of a life of true philanthropy; and the christian's faith arms him with forces which enable him to fulfill them. But not so the philanthropy of the humanitarian. Its good element is nothing more than the natural law of sympathy. As this word indicates, this reflected emotion shares the pain by which it is excited; but the effort to relieve that pain is also succeeded by an instinctive pleasure, which in man's imperfect heart is never wholly disinterested, but involves some elements of self-love, and appetite for applause. So it appears that the *calculated end* of all such acts of beneficence is this personal pleasure. Does one say, that sympathy also acts by an instinctive and involuntary impulse? True; but can an uncalculating instinct be relied on, to produce and regulate a systematic life of benevolence? Nay verily—man will never be nerved to the habitual, sustained endurance of suffering, by an impulse to personal pleasure: it is contradiction.

One other fact remains to be mentioned, which the humanitarian studiously ignores, but which the Bible asserts. None but God can truly elevate fallen and suffering humanity. Death, and all the ills which are its foretastes, came by sin; and sin reigns in human hearts, with a dominion which nothing but omnipotent power can break. All that human love can do is to labor with God, as humble instruments, looking and praying that he may give "the preparation of the heart," and lift up the sufferers by a true and permanent restoration. Moreover, if our toils are a failure as to their objects, by reason of the withholding of this sovereign agency, they cannot be a failure as to God's glory and our recompense. These are sure, whether the sufferer rise or sink, if our efforts are made in love and faith. But now, it is manifest from this great truth, as it is shown by actual experience, that *failure* must be the result of all unbelieving philanthropy, in the end. Its objects refuse to be rescued thoroughly; or they sink again. In asserting this, we take our stand upon the field of history, and boldly ask; where is the human device for the amelioration of man's sin and misery, which has not terminated, sooner or later, in failure? Where is the form of liberal government, the moral reform society, the temperance society, the agency of civilization, which has accomplished its work, and preserved it? But when this worldly philanthropy fails, as fail it must, what is to solace its mortification, its disappointed self-love, its indignation at the unworthiness of its objects?

Another application of the fact of human depravity remains; it affects the philanthropists themselves, as well as their objects.—Their justice, benevolence, and sympathy are imperfect fragments amidst the ruins of their fallen nature. These ruins, none but God can reconstruct; and this he does through the grace revealed in christianity. The discussion has hitherto been conducted upon the assumption claimed by the humanitarians, that the motives prompting their intervention were innocent; and all that has been hitherto urged is their insufficiency. But this is not the whole of the argument. God's infallible truth declares that all men, the philanthropists and the sufferers, the philosophers and their pupils, are

fallen creatures; that true righteousness is overpowered in them by sin, that the partial good impulses which remain as the reliques of paradise are inferior and weak, and that the various elements of selfishness are in the ascendant in every unregenerate will. Partial impulses of social affection, of generosity, of sympathy, of honor, illuminate in different degrees the natures of these men; and far be it from us to deny their sincerity, but they are not in the permanent ascendant. Sin is the ruler and tyrant of all natural hearts. Now, if these things are indeed so, and the humanitarians obstinately refuse to admit them, their blindness to the nature of their own motives only aggravates their recklessness, and the danger of mischief. Is their intervention for their suffering fellow men prompted by genuine sympathy? Let it be admitted; but this principle is unstable; and so surely as they are men, the other principles, love of power, love of applause, conceit, pride, ambition, self-righteousness, or some of them, are mingled in some ratio, in every beneficent action. Let the unworthiness or ingratitude of the objects, or mortification of failure, or opposition concerning the methods of benevolence, supervene, and how easily, how naturally, do the movements of philanthropy slide into those of the malignant emotions. Thus is generated the monster, fanaticism; in which all that remains of the beneficent purpose is a pretext, to blind the mind of the fanatic to the true nature of his emotions, and to sanctify to himself all their enormities. The cold and glittering enthusiasm of the imagination is combined with the malignant passions of self-display, lust of power, and hatred; and the whole, borrowing the sacred name of philanthropy, goes forth upon its destroying career.

The true character of this fanaticism may be disclosed by easy tests. If love were the true spring of its pretended zeal, that benignant emotion ought to display itself consistently, in the general life, and especially in the daily practiced duties of home and family, which should hold the first place in every healthy conscience. But when the private life of your fiery declaimer against social wrongs is examined, it is usually found to be characterized by domestic harshness, injustice and selfishness; his wife, his children, his servants, feel little of that abounding beneficence which he delights to ventilate abroad concerning the wrongs of the distant and unknown. On the other hand, the men of practical kindliness, who actually exercise a generous and self-denying benevolence, in that home-sphere, where benevolence is most practicable, are seldom found among these self-constituted assertors of the wrongs of humanity. Moreover; let any individual among the pretended objects of his sympathy be brought to their own door, and thrown upon this actual help; he will be very likely to find it a most unsubstantial dependence. The fiery philanthropist will speedily teach him that while he is very willing to gratify his malice by scolding his opponents, or his pride by parading his benevolence, he has little thought of sacrificing either his own money or convenience for the sufferer.

From this position, the mischievous and corrupting effects of preached crusades against organized social systems which are supposed to be evil, receives a facile explanation. Christianity and its true ministers make it their main business to address the individual; and their topics are his own duties and sins. They separate him, they tell him his spiritual necessities; they say: 'Thou art the man:' they teach him to make

his own spiritual amendment his chief care. Thus, by sanctifying each individual, human society is effectually regenerated; and organic evils easily disappear. But when once the pulpit is perverted to declaim habitually against the public sins of communities, and to agitate for their reform, the individual is encouraged to lose sight of his own errors, (the only ones he is responsible for, or able to reform,) and to occupy himself with the wrong-doings of others. But these are of course, painted in constant contrast with his own rectitude; so that this preaching, instead of inculcating humility and sanctity, is nothing but a ministration of spiritual pride, arrogance, and hatred. And hence its popularity. It is much more agreeable to an evil heart, to be reminded of its own superior excellence, and to be invited to the work of reviling its opponents, than to be summoned to the toils of self-discipline, the mortifications of personal contrition, and the crucifixion of carnal affections.

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

Queen of Egypt, I am leaving—
I must tear myself away,
Else the magic of thy grieving
Still would bind me to thy sway.
Farewell, charmer, I am going
From the dark mysterious Nile;
Where I know enchantment's flowing
To ensnare me in thy smile.

In an uncontrolling madness,
I would plunge in the abyss
For a moment of pure gladness—
Die on Cleopatra's kiss.
From this pomp, oh, queen, so regal
I must rush across the foam;
I must not desert the Eagle,
Nor forgetful be of Rome.

Ah! thou 'st cut beyond the healing,
It has reached my inmost soul;
Siren! what is all this feeling
Over which I've no control?
Where, oh! where's my steel-clad armor?
Must I manhood thus deprave?
By the gods! I'll yield not, charmer—
Never yield to be thy slave!

Oh! but this is madness, blindness!
I will every heart-throb quell;
Burst through this Plutonian kindness,
And the magnet of thy spell.

What, ho there! bring up my legions;
Let me hear the thundering drums—
I will leave these haunted regions—
Tell my men their leader comes!

Queen, farewell—this triumph's grander
Than Pharsalia's day of fame,
Macedonian Alexander
Can no greater victory claim.
Sorceress! now I leave thy blisses,
And I tear me from thy wiles,
Incantations and thy kisses,
And the magic of thy smiles.

Once more on the field of duty,
Thy enchantments I defy;
Rome has conquered o'er thy beauty,
Sweet incantatrice, good-bye!
Helmsman, steer the galleys foamward,
Toward the Capitolian dome:
Shout, for we are sailing homeward,
To our own imperial Rome.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 1866.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

The proud old Commonwealth, to a greater extent than most of her sister States, sacrificed her material wealth in our late struggle for political freedom, but she has lost nothing in honor, and dignity, and self-respect. Her social system, has been broken up, her cities have been burned, the dwellings of her people have been pillaged, and their fields laid waste; but despair is nowhere seen depicted upon the countenances of her sons. With character and moral wealth untarnished, with courage still left to rise above misfortunes, with their physical energies developed and strengthened by the hardships and self-denials imposed upon them by the late war, they are ready for any and every effort to restore prosperity to their native State.

Virginia has yet within herself fountains of almost unlimited material, as well as moral power.—With unsurpassed agricultural resources in her soils, naturally fertile, and generally capable of the highest degree of cultivation; with extensive stores of mineral fertilizers, a mild and salubrious climate, facilities for extending lines of transportation in every direction, she possesses means for progress in agriculture, not surpassed by those of any other State on this continent. Then the countless streams that run among the hills and mountains of every part of the State above tide-water, afford a motive power for machinery, not simply sufficient to make this one of the first manufacturing regions of the world, but sufficient, if need be, to work every mill now in operation from Maine to Texas. Again, there are treasures of almost fabulous value, hidden beneath almost every hill and moun-

tain and valley within the limits of the State.

With so many elements of strength in her productive fields, in her running streams, in her inexhaustible mines, and, above all, in the character of her sons, Virginia, we firmly believe, is destined to work out for herself a glorious future—to attain a position of wealth, and honor, and influence heretofore unknown.

But we must not open for our discussion too wide a field. It would require volumes to present, in all their fulness and extent, the various topics above suggested. We must therefore, pass most of them without further notice, and confine what we have to say at present, to a single subject of special interest—"The mineral wealth of Virginia." Here, too, we must limit ourselves to a mere sketch—giving only a sort of "Index Rerum," to direct the attention of our readers to the chief *localities*, the *extent* and the *value* of the vast mineral deposits which the hand of Providence has bestowed so lavishly upon this favored State.

GEOLOGICAL OUTLINE.

We cannot very easily give either clearness or point to our sketch of the numerous and extensive mines we propose to bring in review, without giving, in the first place, a brief out-line of the geological structure of the territory over which our investigations extend. We therefore request the reader to open a map of Virginia, and trace out the lines by which we shall divide the State into several very general, but very natural zones, each of which is characterized by peculiar geological, and consequently, by mineralogical features. On this part of our subject we shall be as brief as possible.—Let us begin on the eastern side of the State.

1. Suppose a line drawn almost directly south from Stafford, through Fredericksburg and Richmond to Petersburg, then bearing west of south to pass into North Carolina in the direction of Raleigh; such a line may be regarded as marking out in a general way, the western boundary of what is known to geologists as the "Tertiary Formation," as far as it is developed in this State, while on the other hand the shores of the Atlantic Ocean form its eastern limit. Prof. Rogers says; "various beds of clay and sand, nearly horizontal in position, abounding in fossil shells, and the remains of large marine animals, form the characteristic strata of this division of the State, while occasional bands of iron ore, and beds of green sand, and a small portion of gypsum, occurring in connection with one of the fossiliferous deposites of the region, are among its other materials of value." But above all other mineral deposites (in point of value) found in this, which we shall call our "Eastern Section," are the immense beds of shell-marl, which by their application to the soil have redeemed many sections of the country from hopeless sterility, and have "turned the wilderness into a fruitful field."

2. That portion of the State west of the line above described, and that part of the Potomac lying between Stafford and Alexandria; and having the Blue Ridge for its western limit, we shall regard as a second zone, and call it the "Piedmont section." This extensive region rests upon rocks which are generally stratified, and most of which are closely related to each other in many particulars, but all of which differ essentially from the Tertiary strata of the Eastern section. They belong to the oldest of the stratified rocks—the first formed in the geological history of our globe. The subterranean forces, by which these rocks have been thrown up from their originally horizontal position, have so acted as to break

them by lines of fissure running nearly parallel with the general line of the Blue Ridge; and so as to leave the upturned strata with various degrees of inclination, dipping sometimes South-eastward and sometimes North-eastward; but over the greater part of this section, embracing the Blue Ridge itself, the dip (or slope) is in a S. E. direction.

The lowest rocks of this section are gneiss, mica-slate, talc-slate, &c.,—all doubtless deposited by water, but so modified subsequently by heat, as to be called "metamorphic rocks." Those deposited at a later period, and not subjected so directly to the influence of the internal heat of the earth, but still somewhat modified by that agency, are called "semi-metamorphic rocks." In the further prosecution of our subject we shall find these rocks to be the storehouse of some of the richest, and most remarkable veins of metallic ores, to be found any where in the world. The same zone widens as it passes across N. C., and embraces the richest mineral deposites of that State.

3. Another natural division of Virginia, no less remarkable, and perhaps more interesting, than the one just described, has the Western base of the Blue Ridge for its boundary on the one side, and a somewhat broken, but nearly parallel ridge on the other side, called in different parts, "North," "Walker's" and "Clinch" mountains, and extending from the Potomac, near the N. W. corner of Berkeley county, to the Tennessee line near where it is crossed by Holston river. This we shall denote as the "Valley section;" and we hope to be able to show that it possesses many points of great interest, apart from its important connection with the history of the late war.

The rocks underlying the greater part of the valley are *limestone.* They are of very ancient date in geological history, but much more recent than the rocks of the "Piedmont section," and abound in marine fossils. The strata here have been dislocated, upheaved and tossed about in the most wonderful manner; but they have been made by the hand of Providence, the repository of almost boundless stores of mineral wealth.

4. All that region lying between the "Valley section," and the somewhat undefined and ill-defined boundary of "West Virginia," (so-called,) will form our "Western section"—the western limit of the area we propose to explore. Here we have a series of mountain ranges formed chiefly of sandstones and slates (or shales,) with some tolerably extensive beds of limestone and coal. Here nature seems to have put forth her hand, to mingle the sublime and beautiful in the most striking proportions, as if to call off our attention from the desert barreness which characterizes many parts of this rugged region.

THE MINERALS CLASSIFIED.

For the sake of system and clearness, we shall observe, as far as possible, a uniform order in our examination of the minerals of value, found in the several sections of the State, above defined. A general classification will, therefore, be of service in attaining the end we have in view. The arrangement here given has not been adopted, because of any relation the several classes have to each other in a scientific point of view, but with reference to what seems to be the relative economic value of each at the present time. We shall, therefore, treat them in the following order:

1. *Metalic Ores;* Such as those of iron, gold, copper, lead, &c.

2. *The Coals*—Bituminous, semi-bituminous and anthracite.

3. *Mineral Fertilizers;* as lime, marl, green sand, gypsum, &c.

4. *Building Material;* such as is used for architectural and engineering purposes.

5. *Other Minerals*, useful in the arts and manufactures.

THE ORES.

Iron. From whatever point of view we look at the ores of Virginia—whether with reference to their general importance, their abundance, or their local value—those yielding iron stand out as the most conspicuous in the rich and varied catalogue we have before us. It would require no labored effort to show, that, for variety of form, for extent of distribution, and for quantity and quality, the iron ores of this State are not surpassed by those of any other part of this continent. We are confident that this point will be fully established, even by the general review we are able to give of the numerous mines already explored. We shall show, that of the four general sections into which we have divided the State, all except the eastern abound in rich and extensive iron mines; and even the Eastern section itself has very considerable deposites of this metal, which many believe may be made profitable at some future day; but for the present we shall pass these by without further notice.

In the "Piedmont section" there are two belts, lying nearly parallel with each other and with the line of the Blue Ridge, both of which abound in iron ores of the finest quality. One of these lies a little below the range of the Southwest mountain, and occupies portions of the counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Stafford, Spottsylvania, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Appomattox, Campbell, Halifax and Pittsylvania, touching also upon the borders of some other counties.—The ores found in this belt are both hematites (hydrated peroxide of iron) and the magnetic or black oxide. These varieties yield from 50 to 85 per centum of metal and are easily reduced. In several of the counties above named, furnaces have been successfully worked in past times; and all that is now wanting to make the manufacture of iron profitable here, as well as in many other parts of the State, is a convenient and economical supply of fuel. But, as several of these counties border on the James River Canal, not very remote from the great Richmond coal field, there is much reason to hope and believe that the modern improvements in working furnaces with bituminous coal, will soon be introduced into this section of Virginia, and make these extensive mines, now idle, a source of great profit to their owners, and of wealth to the State.

The second belt of iron ore in this section lies nearer the base of the Blue Ridge than the one above described. It, too, follows the direction of the geological lines of the State as pointed out by the ranges of mountains. The developments of ore in this belt are seen to some extent, in all the counties lying along the S. E. base of the Blue Ridge, from Loudon to Patrick; and in most of these counties rich and extensive mines could be opened at but little cost. Magnetic ore of the finest quality, much of which can be wrought directly into bar-iron with an ordinary forge fire, abounds throughout this whole region. In Bedford and Amherst counties, both bordering on the canal and on lines of railroad, these ores may be made available, whenever the capital and labor of the State resume their normal positions and functions. Our friend Col. J. M. McCue, of Augusta county, says in a private letter, in regard to the developments of this ore in Amherst and Nelson; "At a number of points the ore crops out in large, distinct and well defined ledges. It is,

near the surface mixed with sand, but from experiments already made by the 'Rosa Lee' iron company of this county (Augusta,) there can be readily smelted from the ore, bar-iron of the *best quality*, possessing tenacity, ductility and hardnesss, and most admirably adapted to the manufacture of steel. The larger part of it is near enough to rail and water transportation to make it valuable. Besides the magnetic, there are some large deposites of hematite ore in Amherst of good quality, and if not convenient to timber, it is sufficiently near to water transportation to enable the use of coal in its manufacture."

There are other subordinate deposites of iron in this extensive and important section of the State, some of which, like that in Powhatan county, are in close proximity to the coal field, and have a prospective value which cannot now be determined.

An interesting geological feature of this section, and one of the highest importance in working furnaces, is the existence of several extensive deposites of limestone, one of which traverses the State from N. E. to S. W. passing through Fauquier, Culpepper, Orange, Albemarle, along the line of James River from the corner of Albemarle to a point a short distance below Lynchburg, thence across Campbell and other counties into North Carolina.

When we cross the Blue Ridge into the valley, as soon as we reach the western base of the mountain—in many places before we reach the base—we come upon one of the finest belts of iron ore in the world. It is found chiefly in a heavy stratum of brown shale lying between the sandstone which forms the western slope of the mountain, and the extensive limestone formation, that gives character to the beautiful and fertile valley beyond. It passes entirely across the State from Harper's Ferry to the Tennessee line—not forming one continuous deposite, or stratum of ore, but making extensive and somewhat irregular deposites of fine hematite at short intervals throughout the whole distance. These have been extensively worked in Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge, Botetourt, Roanoke, Floyd, Carroll and Grayson. For fine foundery work, the metal from this region is regarded as of superior quality. Many of the furnaces, however, have been long idle for want of fuel, and from other causes.

Numerous veins of superior ore are also found in the limestone of the valley, and some of them have been worked very profitably, and produced metal of the best quality for the manufacture of bar-iron; but the want of fuel is now a serious obstacle in the way of making these mines available.

The "Western section" which we have marked out also abounds in rich and extensive deposites of this important metal. Here, too, as in other parts of the State, we find the lines of ore-veins following the geological lines of elevation and depression, as marked out by the courses of the mountains. They are found along the western base of the North mountain, and along the bases of several ridges farther west, having the same geological structure as the North mountain. Such cases of similarity in the geology of two regions, has often pointed to the probable existence of valuable minerals in the one, even long before they were discovered, because of their having been previously discovered in the other. The hematite ores have been found here in great profusion, and of the richest quality. Some valuable fossil ores are also found in the same region. These several varieties yield from 65 to 85 per cent. of superior metal.

Furnaces have been supplied from the mines along this belt for

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the greater part of a century.—The scene of their operations embraces the western parts of Frederick, Shenandoah, Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge and Botetourt counties, with several localities in Bath and Alleghany.—Wherever the ore of this formation is found, there is a contiguous stratum of excellent limestone easily quarried. The recent opening of some promising veins of coal in this region presents a most flattering prospect for the future.

Far to the South-west, in Tazewell, Scott and Lee, iron and coal lie side by side in great abundance, awaiting lines of transportation with capital and enterprise to make them of enormous value.

We cannot dwell longer upon this part of our subject, and shall only add, that more than half the counties of Virginia are said to have iron ores in sufficient quantities to be profitably worked, wherever the requisite supply of fuel can be obtained; and if the James River and Kanawha Canal ever penetrates the vast coal deposites of the great Kanawha valley, it will bring the fuel and ores of the State together in such abundance, that Virginia may yet become the successful rival of Pennsylvania in the production of iron.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RIMMER.

I stand before thee, Rimmer,
And as thy chosen wife;
Give your honor to my keeping,
As I give my own to thee.

Wind no rosy veil about me,
My actual self to hide;
As a Real—not Ideal—
Look upon your future bride.

You smile at my odd fancies—
Smile—but know me as I am,
Or our voices no'er can mingle
In the holy marriage psalm.

You flatter me, gay Rimmer,
You call my eyes sky bright!
Have you seen the blue skies darken
At falling of the night!

You vow my cheeks are petals
From living roses rent;
Ah, the roses wither, Rimmer,
When the summer shine is spent!

There! my unbound hair you're calling
Golden eddies of the morn!
Do you know the dawn-waves whiten
When the yellow sun is gone!

If you love me, if you trust me,
Erring human, as you see;
Give your honor to my keeping,
As I give my own to thee.

My life I cast before thee,
Its pages lie unclaspt;
Read from Alpha to Omega,
Judge the future by the past.

Can'st thou mete as I have measured
Truth as boundless as the sea?
Speak! my heart will not be broken—
Ha! 'tis glorious to be free!

Oh, forgive me, wayward Rimmer!
No love nor faith I lack;
But the wedding robes are holy
As the coffin's solemn black!

Our souls are God's, not ours—
My heart is all I bring;
Lift me higher, Royal lover!
I crown thee—Oh, my King!

J. M. P.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.

JOURNEY TO MADRID.

We take our seats in the diligence at Bayonne—our party of two unencumbered young Americans. Twenty miles, through the picturesque scenery of the Basque, over the slopes of the Pyrenees and along the shore of Biscay's sleepless Bay, will bring us to the frontier of Spain.

Within a few hours ride of Spain! It were not possible to tell our emotions at this near prospect of the enchanted land, where the Carthagenian and Roman, the Goth and Moor, have met and mingled in mortal fray. We gave a loose rein to our imaginations, and dreamed over again all that song or romance had told us of fair women and brave men in the region whither ten stout mules, under whip and spur, were rapidly carrying us.

"But there's many a slip
Between the cup and the lip."

We pass through the dirty streets of a small dirty village.—Our diligence draws up in front of the French custom-house on the banks of the Bidassoa—a streamlet that divides France and Spain. There is the promised land in full view. The surroundings are all enrapturing—the mountains on our left, the restless waters of Biscay on our right, while the ground beneath our feet and the hills on every side are famous in warlike story. We have, however, but a moment to enjoy the scene and to think of history, when our eager expectations are rudely dashed with disappointment. An officer examines our passports—that abomination of European traveling—a shake of his head, a shrug of his shoulders, a few words of bad French, told us something was wrong. What was the matter? Our passports had not been properly viseed at Bayonne. We had omitted to pay some official a few francs, who lived by writing his name on passports. We explained and protested that we were neither smugglers nor refugees leaving France for crime—but honest gentlemen seeking pleasure in Spain. The omission, at the worst, was merely formal. We offered to pay at the frontier what we should have paid at Bayonne, in the hope that the chance of pocketing the money for himself would tempt him to let us pass. But in vain. We must go back to Bayonne and get the regular vise. Here was a provoking fix. The diligence would not return to Bayonne till next day.—The village, we were rather surlily told by the custom-house official, had not so much as an accommodation in the way of an inn—far less in the shape of any means of getting us back to Bayonne. So there we were—emptied out, bag and baggage, into the streets. Our diligence crossed the wooden bridge over the Bidassoa and went on its way rejoicing, while we, forgetful of dead heroes or live dark-eyed beauties, were brought much to that practical turn of mind which a fellow feels who finds himself suddenly put out of a railway train.

We must do something. So we walked back very downcast to the miserable village. We soon had a crowd around us, on which, however, our small stock of Spanish and French, our signs and gesticulations were wasted. We understood nobody, and nobody understood us. The Basque provinces, in the heart of which we then

were, speak a hideous mongrel jargon utterly unintelligible to everybody but natives. Indeed the barbarous people have a tradition, that the devil himself, who, whatever else he may be, is no fool, studied their language seven years and was able to master only three words. In the midst of our perplexity to make known our straits, a tall savage-looking man presented himself and muttered a few words of murderous English. Never did the accents of our mother tongue sound so grateful as when stammered over by this Basque peasant. Our interpreter's life had been eventful, at least, for a Basque, who are a kind of people that rarely wander beyond the Pyrenees. He had a long while before we saw him found his way to Boston, where he had employed himself for five years in the ice business and gathered together enough money to carry him back to his native village—the cynosure of neighboring eyes. He had been returned home about seven years, and had not met with any person, beside ourselves, on whom he could exercise his English. He and his fellow villagers were kind to us, and exerted themselves to secure our return to Bayonne that same day.

And now a word or two upon this singular people among whom we were forced to spend a few hours. The Basques are republican in ideas and in manners.—They hold to a universal nobility among men, and claim that birth alone, in the Basque districts, entitles a man to their natural peerage and glorious privilege of equality. This imparts to their character a certain independence, which readily finds a fellow-feeling among Americans. Our interpreter told us, with an evident purpose to compliment the Grand Republic as well as he knew how, that next to his own country he preferred ours. For the rest, they are said to be a brave, hardy, industrious race, boorish in manners, low in mental culture, and much given to superstitious practices; among which is that of offering yearly oblations of corn and bread to the manes of the dead.

And now, too, as we have been put to the trouble of coming back to Bayonne, I will say a word about that place, which I had not intended to do. Beautiful for situation on the Bay of Biscay, Bayonne, like almost every town in Europe, is memorable for its sieges and battles; in one of which some Basques stuck their knives into the muzzles of their muskets; and thus gave the idea of the *bayonet* (from *Bayona*—the Basque name for Bayonne)—the most irresistible weapon of modern warfare.

We take our seats again in the diligence at Bayonne, all the wiser, and our purses a trifle lighter, for the mishap of the day before. We again pass the village where the good Basque folks had been kind to us—we again drew up in front of the French custom-house—our passports are again scrutinized, found all right, and we enter Spain without further let or hindrance.

Ismo, conspicuous on its hill, just beyond the frontier, is our first station. Here we rest a few hours, while we go through the ordeal of custom-house examination, ere we start on our three days' journey to the capital. And let us despatch that journey quick. For, except the novelty of new scenes, new faces, and new customs, which we shall find more time to delineate hereafter, it had no more of interest or incident than a three days' journey anywhere else. And yet we had one cause of excitement, not to say of alarm, which, as it is common to every traveler in Spain, might as well be disposed of in this place once for all.

We had heard, before reaching Spain, many stories of robbers,

which, mixed up in our imaginations with what we had read in Gil Blas, and with what the Spaniards themselves are always marvellously speaking to strangers, kept us constantly on the *qui vive* for an encounter with these bandits. Sometimes, when we were told of the delicate consideration and courtly chivalry with which they practiced their lawless occupation, we almost sighed for an adventure, counting our worldly goods but dross for the sake of the romance of the thing. But then, anon, we saw a sight on the wayside, which reminded us uncomfortably of far off home and friends, that we might never meet again! Every few miles, all along the road, was a rough-hewn pillar of stone, whereon were engraved the ominious words. "Here they killed Anthony," or Matthew or Joseph, as the name of the unfortunate victim might be. It meant, as our Spanish traveling companions solemnly and frequently told us, that on these spots the robbers had done their bloody work. The intelligence gave unpleasant emphasis to the tales of horror to which we had to listen. We were yet green in Spain. We knew not the passion of the Spaniard for the marvellous, nor understood the easy credulity with which he realizes as present to himself what belongs to a by-gone age and troublous times. The custom, indeed, of memorializing the particular localities of highway murder, tends powerfully to feed their appetite for lying wonders. Earth affords no safer country for the traveler than Spain, if my own experience be worth anything.—For twelve months, by day and by night, along highways and byeways, in company and alone, I wandered among her people without harm from the robbers.

On the evening of the third day from Ismo, sore but sound in body and bones, we rested quietly in our hotel, which overlooked that great central heart of Madrid, called, in the oriental grandiloquence of the Spaniards, "The Gate of the Sun."

NORTHERN PRISON LIFE.*

NARRATIVE OF A YOUNG CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY.

I propose to write an account of what I saw and suffered, in common with many soldiers and officers who by the fortunes of war, became prisoners of war, to the U. S. forces, at the disastrous battle of Gettysburg. The details of that memorable conflict now belong to history, and any repetition or enumeration of them here, would manifestly be a work of supererogation, and I shall therefore refrain from trespassing upon the reader's indulgence, sufficing it only to remark, that towards the close of the third day's strife, I received two wounds, and in a state of semi-consciousness, was borne to an improvised hospital directly in rear of our lines, where having received some slight attention I was transferred to the "division hospital" several miles in rear of Gettysburg. Here I was tenderly cared for, and having received every possible courtesy and attention that the circumstances admitted, amid "shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying" laid me down to sleep, and

* Continued from our last number.

in a state of blissful oblivion to every thing past and present, was soon absorbed in golden dreams, of at least "*sixty days leave*" and its consequent train of enjoyment, when the Potomac should have been safely crossed, and we securely lodged within the walls of Richmond. Alas! the vanity of human hopes! the frailty of human expectations! Before the smoke of three days conflict had cleared away from the slopes of Gettysburg, the Army of Northern Virginia was in full line of march for the Potomac, preceded by a portion of its vast and unwieldy baggage train, to which it was my fortune in common with many others to be consigned. By means of some misadventure or neglect, which I do not design to impute, nor pretend to attach to any definite source, the enemy received intelligence in regard to our movements, which enabled them to make every preparation and to take every precaution, necessary to apprehend, and intercept the advance of our column. On the night of the 4th of July, 1863, our slender escort was compelled to give way before the vastly superior forces of General Kilpatrick, and seeing no other alternative possible, but that of submission, we resigned ourselves to the inexorable decrees of a predestined fate, with as much of resignation and dignity, as the nature of the circumstances and the peculiar surroundings admitted, nor were we kept long in abeyance. Down came Kilpatrick's legions, thundering on our rear, and we soon found ourselves safely transferred to the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes, and the protecting sabres of several thousand cavalrymen, some of whom gave vent to their loyalty and patriotism, in superb displays of Falstaffian chivalry, while others, in the true spirit of magnanimous foes, seemed disposed to commiserate our misfortune, and to extend to us all practical generosity and courtesy, consistent with the relations existing between captor and captive. "Soon we were faced to the rear, and the road cleared for General Kilpatrick, who made his appearance, attended by a numerous suite, all of whom seemed to be animated and actuated by that spirit of servility which is so widely to be distinguished from submission, and that spirit of sycophancy which is so far removed from subordination, that in all my observations of Federal soldiers, and discipline, I could not fail to observe and remark it. Indignities and insults which would have at any time, produced a mutiny in the Army of Northern Virginia were here submitted to with passive resignanation, as part of the sacrifices required from soldiers and patriots. To be kicked and cursed by an officer, was the highest tribute to worth and valor. To be pommelled and cudgelled, as Frederick of Prussia used to do the material which constituted that magnificent army, which vanquished in a seven years struggle the legions of continental Europe combined, was a transcendent distinction, more honorable than the scars of Gettysburg. And if he approached the presence of a superior, it was with a servility, and obsequiousness of demeanor, that "Uriah Heep," might have aspired to emulate.—This, however, was probably to be attributed to a different course of training. It must be conceded that the discipline of the Federal armies was *excellent*, perhaps unsurpassed. And we merely allude to this, as one of its distinctive features, as contrasted with our own. "Our column soon resumed its line of march, and after a weary day's travel, we lodged for the night upon the battle field of South Mountain, memorable in all future history for a resistance unequalled and unparalleled, since

the days of Marathon and Thermopylae. The next day found us comfortably lodged in the elegant and commodious hospital at Frederick city, where we remained for six weeks. I should be sadly recreant to every sentiment, to every emotion of gratitude and of justice, should I fail to bear most cheerful and ample testimony to the uniform courtesy, delicacy, and utter absence of every thing calculated in the most remote degree, to wound the most sensitive nature, or to affect the most refined sensibilities, which uniformly characterized our intercourse official and otherwise, with all with whom we were brought in contact during our sojourn at this hospital. We shall always revert to it, as the "bright side" of our imprisonment, and as it is to be our endeavor *faithfully* in this article to pursue a strictly medium course, inclining to neither extreme, impelled and animated by no sentiments of resentment, recrimination, partisan prejudice, or sectional animosity, adhering undeviatingly to the principle "nothing extenuate, or aught set down in malice," we shall omit *no* opportunity which is justified by a rigid adherence to the great aim and end of all history, and all narration—*truth*—to chronicle in full, every instance of clemency, magnanimity, and generous, chivalric moderation, which characterized our intercourse, however insignificant or inconsiderable. And adhering to this principle, we cannot in justice fail to notice the spirit of liberality, of unselfish, noble devotion which characterized the action of the "sisters of charity" towards all our officers and soldiers, so far as our own observation and experience extended. The annals of this war record not an example of more self sacrificing, untiring devotion. Never appearing to weary in their labors of benevolence and charity, they ministered with indefatigable zeal to the necessities of the sick, the wounded and the dying, obtruding no religious dogmas, manifesting none of the proselyting element, and evincing no desire or disposition to gain converts. Like legions of ministering angels they hovered around the wounded, the afflicted, and the dying, indulgent to their every caprice, their every whim and humor, all distinctions of rank, all issues of party, all feelings of sectionalism, seeming to be banished and dispelled, when the great interests of suffering humanity appealed to them for aid and relief.

With them there was no creed, with them there was no sect, no faction, with them there was neither "*rebel*" nor federal, but actuated by "one generous, honest thought for *common* good," every energy, every faculty, was made to subserve this one end, this one great object. "And in the course of my observations of Northern society, I could not fail to notice, and in justice to the Catholic Church, cannot fail to chronicle, the *very marked* spirit of christian liberality, and enlightened toleration, which characterized this Church. And the marked and splendid contrast in which this appeared in the reflected light of the lurid and glaring fanaticism of other denominations was only calculated to render it more striking and impressive."—For though it was a prominent, it was a solitary and isolated exception.

And despite our protestant affiliations and prejudices, a sense of even handed justice constrains us frankly to admit, that that religion, which in the midst of general corruption, frenzy, and fanaticism, mantains its original purity, untarnished and unsullied by the vitiating influences which surround it on every side, which demonstrates its *faith* by its works, which appeals to the *heart*, and not the *intellect*, which deals in

realities, and not in metaphysical abstractions, about which the vast mass of mankind know nothing, and care less, and above all, a religion which excels pre-eminently, in *charity*, the material substratum, the fundamental element of *all* religion, and without which there can exist no *true* religion, certainly has claims to our regard, if not reverence. And it is perhaps to this fact, that the extension, the power, and the success, of this mighty institution, this connecting link between the ancient and modern world, is to be attributed, which after four centuries of opposition and combination is to day *several millions* stronger than all the protestant sects of the world combined.*—Nor do the signs of the times indicate any dimunition of her accustomed energy, zeal, and vigor. Trusting to the magnanimity of the reader to pardon this elaborate digression, which is justified in accordance with the line of policy we propose, we resume the thread of our narrative, and ask the reader to transfer himself in imagination to the "Monumental city," where we found ourselves on the 10th of August, just six weeks subsequent to our capture, and were soon stored away in the 3d story of "West Building Hospital." We shall endeavor to preserve a *strict* impartiality. But a moment's glance sufficed to convince us, that with our transfer to Baltimore, a "change indeed had come over the spirit of our dream." We were no longer in Frederick. We heard no longer the noiseless tread, the gentle subdued tones of the good sisters, who ministered to our necessities, and lived only lives of sacrifice, devotion, and charity, looking forward to a more enduring inheritance, to diadems and crowns of glory, which should never fade away.

We no longer were the recipients of that bland, and chivalric courtesy, official and private, which had been our portion at Frederick, and for the time almost caused us to forget that we were enemies.—Every thing had undergone a marvellous transformation, a wondrous change, and a change *not* for the better. "West Building Hospital" was formerly an immense warehouse, which had been metamorphosed into a hospital, for the soldiers of both armies. Situated in the lower part of the city, in the immediate vicinity of the docks and shipping, it enjoyed the unrestricted and undisturbed benefit of the noisome and poisonous winds and gases, which arose from the water and the vicinity of the docks immediately surrounding. It would have been almost a matter of impossibility to have selected a locality better calculated from its mere *external* surroundings, to generate and perpetuate every form of disease, and noisome pestilence. But the half has not been told. On entering this enormous, extemporized hospital, into which the pure, refreshing breezes found no entrance, and from which the sun's genial influence was sedulously excluded, the all pervading gloom and torpor, would first impress the beholder that by some unaccountable mistake, he had gotten into some vast prison, perhaps one of the dungeons of the Inquisition, like that which Edgar A. Poe so vividly describes in his thrilling story of the "Pit and Pendulum," instead of a place of rest and comfort for the wounded and the weary, of both nations to repose together in tranquil serenity. We remained here seven *miserable* weeks, and we have always reverted to this portion of our existence with a sentiment of profound gratitude, for our gracious deliverance, yet at the same time with a feeling of instinctive horror, like some somnambulist awak-

*See Macauley on "Ranke's History of the Popes."

ened upon the very brink of a frightful precipice, or the unfortunate victim of night-mare just aroused from a terrible, desperate, but unavailing struggle with what appeared hopeless, irresistible destruction. The surgeon who attended us, was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church (North,) and omitted no opportunity of ventilating his peculiar views, for the reclaiming of us "heretics," into the fold of the faithful. If we had confided to his professional skill, and diligent attendance for our recovery from wounds which became more and more aggravated, the longer we remained in "West Building," we should have this day, been quietly sleeping in Baltimore Cemetery. The food and nourishment provided here for the sick and wounded was *limited* in quantity, and of a character by no means calculated to tempt the most vitiated and depraved appetite, and even of this miserable pittance, of our own personal knowledge we can assert, that a certain proportion per diem, was abstracted by the nurses for their individual benefit. A composition of coarse meal, dignified with the name of "mush," and mixed with a certain amount of refuse molasses, which could not be disposed of in the markets, and was consequently "bought up" by hospital agents for our recreation, and improving the tone of our stomachs, with a limited ration of decayed, and miserable beef, and baker's bread, with some substitute for coffee, which left far in the shade all the rye and other coffee of Confederate days, constituted the "bill of fare" wherewith we were allowed daily to regale ourselves. No communication with the outer world was allowed, unless under such *surveillance*, as would induce a man of sensitive and high-toned principles and feelings, to prefer rather to forego the pleasure of a meeting, than submit to the restrictions imposed, by the authorities. At least such were our individual views, though we do not design to be understood as assuming the liberty of deciding the question for others. Not an afternoon passed by, that numbers of Baltimore ladies, impelled by feelings of genuine sympathy, did not congregate in front of the hospital, and endeavor by mysterious signals, and a sort of hieroglyphic alphabet, to express their feelings of sympathy with the "rebs," who omitted no opportunity which the vigilance of their custodians permitted, to acknowledge these testimonials of favor and consideration, from the noble women of the noblest city, north of the Potomac. On several occasions they were driven by the guard from the pavement, at the point of the bayonet, and on one afternoon we distinctly remember, they were driven away with rotten eggs by federal soldiers.

One incident during our sojourn at West B., which though purely of a personal nature, made such an indelible impression, that we may be pardoned for intruding it, even if it savor unduly of egotism. There was connected with the hospital a Massachusetts clergyman of the Congregational persuasion, who was in no repute even among his own countrymen. Through the kind and generous intercessions of a noble, unselfish, patriotic North Carolina lady, we had, in view of our destitution, obtained permission of the chief-surgeon, for the aforesaid noble young lady to furnish us a suit of clothes, which she promptly did, and transmitted to the hospital, having previously informed us by a note of the time of their delivery, in order with characteristic feminine delicacy, to afford us time for tranquil and sober reflection, that we might not be too suddenly transported at the prospect, of a "new suit of store clothes," a thing which dated back to "time out of

memory," and consequently expose ourselves by any extravagant and uncontrollable demonstrations. But alas for the wisest and best concerted schemes, of mere human devising. "By some misadventure, our clerical friend obtained access to the note in the surgeon's office, in which we were notified of the arrival of the articles the next day. With characteristic shrewdness, he immediately concerted a plan of operations, destined to prostrate our highly raised hopes, and leave us given over to hopeless despair.—He immediately presented himself to us, and informed us "that the introduction of the clothes, would be a *direct* violation, of positive orders," notwithstanding we had received explicit permission from the chief-surgeon, to obtain the articles in question. With a superfluity of charity, however, he voluntarily tendered us, in view of our forlorn condition, the last visible relics of a battered hat, and a tattered coat, the very offer of which, would have *grievously* offended the pride, of the most *degraded* hero, in the days of his servitude. We indignantly declined this "free will offering," but suffice it to say, our *fine suit* on which our highest hopes were founded, has never been forthcoming to this day, and we trust we may be pardoned for even the semblance of malevolence, or uncharitableness, if we venture even most delicately to *insinuate* our belief that our Massachusetts friend, may this fine afternoon be luxuriating himself in the gorgeous suit, on the promenades of "Boston Common."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROANOKE VALLEY.

The valley of the river Roanoke is one of the most fertile on the Atlantic slope, and a short review of its productions and capacity may not be unwelcome to the pages of a magazine, whose design is to illustrate and display the material as well as the moral and mental excellencies of the "Land we Love."

The river takes its rise from many small springs in the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, known as the Alleghany and Blue Ridge, which after flowing through the numerous intersecting valleys, gathering and swelling as they go, gradually develop themselves into the two rivers Dan and Staunton. These rivers after flowing through a country of great fertility, form by their junction the river Roanoke, one of the longest, most tortuous, and richest of Southern rivers. It may, geographically, be divided into two parts, the upper and lower Roanoke, the first comprising that portion which lies above, the latter that below the falls, which themselves extend for ten miles or more between Gaston and Weldon. This paper will treat principally of that portion known as the lower Roanoke. Before this however it may be stated generally, that the productions of the valley above the falls, are principally corn, wheat and tobacco, whilst below the falls, they are corn, cotton and but sparingly, wheat, and whilst in the upper valley tobacco is the market crop and very little cotton raised, so in the lower valley cotton is the sale crop, and but little tobacco produced. It will not do to stop here to investigate the causes of this difference

—suffice it to say, that while above the falls the lands are red, rolling, clayey, of granitic formation and more favorable to the cultivation of tobacco, below, they are flat and more alluvial, whilst the lands receded from the river being more sandy, are better adapted to the production of cotton.

One of the Indian names for this river is said to have been *Mahrattock* or *River of Death*, from the fact that in early times, before the clearing up and draining of swamps, which has since become general, it was distinguished, even beyond other Southern rivers, for the malignant type of its bilious and remittent fevers in the summer and fall, and for their grim successors pneumonia and pleurisy in the winter and spring.

The name *Roanoke* by which it is now known, is by some supposed to mean *topsy turvy*; in allusion to a characteristic of the river, which *narrows* as it approaches its mouth, (where most rivers widen,) and which is one cause why the freshets are so sudden, so high and so destructive. Another interpretation of the name, and which seems the most probable to me is, that it is meant to express the great fertility and value of its lands. In the old histories of North Carolina, we read that the Tuscarora Indians, who inhabited this region of country, used for their money a species of shell, which they polished and rounded by constant friction, and which they called *Ronoak:* and the wealth of an individual was estimated by the quantity of Ronoak which he possessed. It is easy to see how the synonym of riches, wealth, abundance, could be transferred to the river possessing all these qualities in so prominent a degree—the river on which they dwelt; from whose waters they gathered the shells which they made into their money and medium of exchange, and the fertile nature of the soil which produced the stream, the coolness and delightful taste of its waters, "fit for kings to drink," as says one of the old chronicles, the variety, and delicacy, and abundance of the fish,—the quantity of game of all kinds which frequented its valley; the deer, and bear, and other animals of the chase, which lived and fattened on its rich pastures, the luxuriance and endless variety of its vegetation, all tended to give it a character of wealth, fertility and abundance, which could be expressed by no name so appropriate as *Ronoak*. Of the estimation in which the Indians held it as a residence, the antiquarian might find many evidences; and in the bounds of her rich and varied valley a most interesting field of research. The plow as it annually turns the furrow, the rains as they annually descend, upturn and lay bare arrow-heads, stone hatchets, and axes, and pieces of pottery, all exhibitive and explanatory of the character and habits of the former inhabitants, and in such quantities do these broken relics exist as to evince that at one time this rich valley maintained a dense, and in a savage sense, a thriving population. True they are rude in construction, but they possess an interest to the thinking mind, as being the only relics of a race now passed away forever.

Roanoke river in addition to the wonderful fertility of its low grounds and adjoining lands, has been always distinguished for its uncertainty of production, occasioned by the frequent recurrence of freshets;—in former times almost as far back as the memory of man runneth, the low lands were partially protected by embankments, which often enabled the farmer to harvest heavy crops of corn—but in the last 15 years the character of the river seems to have undergone a change. The freshets are higher,—more rapid,—and of more frequent occur-

rence. Hundreds of thousands have been expended in elevating the old embankments, in the hope of resisting these heavy floods,—but in vain,—the height of these freshets seems steadily to increase,—and the immense volume of water breaking through or overtopping every barrier, carries devastation and ruin to all in its course. Many causes have been offered for these hitherto unknown and extraordinary freshets,—such as the clearing and ditching of lands,—the elevation of the embankments,—and the more general system of these embankments, which by confining the river to a narrower channel—during its freshets,—of course causes a higher rise.—This is not the place to discuss these matters,—but I suspect the cause may be found in a probable fact, which it would require statistics to prove,—viz., that the quantity of rain has sensibly increased during the last few years, and that thus more serious floods have been occasioned. But however disappointing and blasting to the hopes of the farmer may be these floods—and however uncertain may be the character they give the river in the eyes of an agriculturist,—too much praise cannot be awarded her for the noble part she played in our war of Independence—lost though it be. When Burnside captured Roanoke Island, and it was supposed that he would press on with his boats into the interior, Roanoke came driving down with her angry and overwhelming torrents, and not one of the yankee pilots would venture to steer a vessel up that wild, foaming and tortuous stream. The danger thus averted, an attempt was afterwards made by gunboats, constructed for the purpose, which were to co-operate with the land forces under General Foster in an attempt to reach Weldon by the river route. But Roanoke on this occasion distinguished herself by running her waters so low that the yankee gunboats could not ascend, and two of them having grounded on bars near Hamilton, gave signal, by their minute guns, to the federal commander that he could expect no assistance from them. A force in the meantime having been assembled under Gen. Martin to confront him, he retired, having effected nothing beyond the usual plundering of hen roosts, stealing of horses and carriages, and other movable property so familiar to yankee tactics. Once again, at a later period of the war, the bosom of old Roanoke was made the theatre of one of Leventhorpe's glorious exploits, when, by his well fought land batteries, and well handled forces, he sunk many of a fleet of gunboats attempting the ascent of the river,—and drove them back, crippled, defeated, and disheartened. This movement was made by the yankees in connection with their first attack on Fort Fisher; and if General Bragg had struck, at Wilmington, a proportionally decisive blow, the tale would have been told in very different words. But perhaps the most distinguished part borne by this great river, in these military events, was that she furnished to the Confederate cause the ram Albemarle; whose career under her brave and most noble commander, Captain Cooke, need not be repeated;—but one fact of interest in connection with that event may be mentioned. When it was determined to make an attack on Plymouth (at the mouth of the Roanoke) the co-operation of Captain Cooke, and the Albemarle, was sought and eagerly embraced; every preparation was made, but one difficulty lay in the way which might have proved insurmountable but for the opportune aid of old Roanoke. Between Fort Branch and Plymouth the river had been filled with torpedoes of a most destructive character, plac-

ed there to prevent the ascent of the yankee gunboats. The difficulty lay in passing the Albemarle safely over or through these obstructions. The river solved this question by taking, at this opportune moment, one of her heaviest rises, and the Albemarle was thus enabled to steam over these torpedoes and stretched chains, and to reach Plymouth in the very nick of time; and by her well aimed and well served guns to contribute largely to the glorious success which that day crowned the Confederate arms. Up to the time of Lee's surrender no yankee gunboat, save those captured by Cook, ever beat her turbid waters above Hamilton; and the whole country watered by the Roanoke between Hamilton and Weldon rested in comparative peace, its fields yielding rich harvests of grain, and its woods and pastures affording millions of pounds of beef, pork, and forage for the supply of Johnston's and Lee's armies in Virginia. This favored land bears none of the desolating traces of war,—but sleeps as peacefully and calmly as it did when the sullen roar of guns rolled along Crimean shores. It seems as though the river was in this instance made a passive instrument in the hands of a good God for our protection. But enough of the military history of Roanoke. We turn now to her agricultural, commercial, and economical history.

The section of country which comprises what is known as the valley of the Roanoke, forms the counties of Halifax, Martin and Washington on the west bank, Northampton and Bertie on the east bank. The lands immediately bordering the river, form the low grounds or alluvial lands, next what is called the second low grounds, then the uplands, and last the sandy region or piney woods. The character of these soils is all different. The low grounds are generally composed of the deposites of the river, a silicious clay of the finest quality, formed from the washings of the annual rains, which as they pass down the mountain, and hilly lands of the upper valley, wash the surface soil, which being mingled with waters of the freshets overflow the low lands, and as this gradually subsides the silt or river mud is deposited. This process going on from time immemorial, has formed the low grounds of the Roanoke. I have seen leaves and wood brought up by the auger from a depth of 30 feet, and have known this deposit in some freshets to be as much as four inches in thickness;—sometimes, however, from what cause I have never heard explained, the freshets are what is called sand freshets, where the river deposit is a pure sand left in banks or ridges. In this manner some of these low river lands are composed of a fine sandy loam,—more especially the lands immediately on the margin, or as it is called "the river ridge."—This river land or low ground, is very fertile, and best adapted for corn. I have no doubt that it will yield abundant crops of hemp, flax, rice, &c. It is not favorable for cotton, because the land is so rich that the plant runs too much to weed, and does not boll well. If these low grounds could be successfully leveed so that a more thorough and scientific system of farming could be adopted, their yield would be increased fifty per cent, their value would be quintupled, and the wealth and production of the State proportionably enlarged. Vast sums of money have been expended by individuals to make these lands safe from the incursions of the river. The embankments on both sides extend for miles; which levees have, from year to year, as the freshets increased in volume, been elevated and widened, but still the river surmounts or breaks through these obstacles, and the

freshet of 1864, overtopping all its predecessors, and coming as it did upon the heels of emancipation, convinced the farmers generally that it was a useless effort to attempt to cultivate the river lands with the changed system of labor. So that now, as a general thing, these fertile lands are thrown out,—given up to a growth of grass, weeds, and bushes; and where a few years ago half a million of bushels of grain were produced, there is nothing to be seen but a waste of the most luxuriant vegetation. It becomes a serious question in the economical administration of the State, as to what is best to be done with these lands, and it is impossible to say what is to be their future destiny and value. If they could be successfully embanked, there is no doubt that the wealth of the State would be vastly increased, but this cannot be done by private enterprise. The State or the general government must extend its aid, and by a regular and compulsory system of labor, to be sustained by an equal tax, construct and maintain an effective system of levees. With sufficient levees, these lands would be worth $100 per acre,—as it is, they are not worth one dollar. If no action is taken by the State or general government to aid individual enterprise, the only thing which can be done with them, is to turn them into meadows, and grazing lands. Crops of hay will frequently be destroyed, and the horses of the grazier be disappointed when the freshets kill the grasses upon which he depends for the subsistence of his stock; but these losses will not be so heavy as if the lands were in cultivated crops, and the profit which his stock will bring him in favorable years, will be greater from the comparatively small amount of labor which the care of stock requires.

The second low grounds, or lands which immediately border the river low grounds, are composed of a series of ridges and bottoms running generally parallel to the river. These lands from their greater elevation, are not so deeply submerged in the freshets, and from this cause do not receive so heavy a coat of deposit as the bottoms, and only in the very highest freshets, the ridges are washed and denuded of their surface soil by the shallow rippling water. They are consequently what is called *thin* lands, the subsoil of clay laying near the surface. When newly cleared, however, they are very fertile, and produce heavy crops of corn. Under a good system of cultivation they are susceptible of high improvement, and by drainage, deep plowing, and proper rotation, could be made to produce abundant crops of corn, wheat, oats, peas, and probably cotton; although for this latter crop they have hitherto been found to be rather cold, and late in bearing, and in our comparatively short cotton season do not advance rapidly enough to be ready for early frosts. The difficulty with these lands however is the same as with the low grounds,—they are accessible to the incursions of freshets, and although not altogether so unsafe, the uncertainty of the crop lessens their value, and makes the system of farming slovenly and careless. The effective embanking of the low grounds, would make these lands, highly remunerative to their proprietors, and add vastly to the wealth of the State. In Occoneechee Neck, in Northampton county, and on the plantation, of the late James Johnson, Esq., and Gen. D. C. Clark, in Halifax county, these lands have in favorable years, (i. e. years free from freshet,) produced enormous crops of wheat, and on other farms in both counties most beautiful crops of corn and oats; but of late years these favorable crops may be regarded as exceptional;

freshet years forming the rule with the consequent failure of crops.

The true wealth of the Roanoke valley lies after all in its fertile uplands. These sometimes rise in a high steep bluff immediately from the river and extend far back, but most generally they form as it were the third step, and rise gradually from the second low grounds which in this case they immediately border. They are composed of soils of various kinds and qualities making ridge and bottom, sometimes clayey, stiff and strong, sometimes sandy, light and comparatively weaker; but all of a fertile, highly improvable character; all producing in great abundance according to care bestowed upon them, splendid crops of corn, cotton, wheat, oats, clover, peas, &c. In Northampton county lies a body of land forming a portion of the uplands of that county and called the "meadow lands," which cannot be surpassed in fertility; nature always returning with the most generous profusion any care or improvement bestowed upon them. In Bertie county, too, lies a body of land called the "Indian woods," which is distinguished for its pleasant, kindly, free soil, producing in great abundance most of the above mentioned crops, and especially remarkable for the growth and production of the cow or corn field pea, which is said to grow better there perhaps, than any where else in the State or world. I wish I were more familiar with these lands, as I am satisfied, from what I know of them, that they would well repay a more intimate research, and if this paper should meet the eye of some of the proprietors in that section, as for instance *Mr. Stephen A. Norfleet*, I hope he may be induced to send you a detailed description of their history and character. An article from his pen, with his accurate knowledge of the country, would be most interesting and instructive. This body of uplands in the river valley, form, as a general thing, the back lands of the river plantations; where the settlement, stock yards, provision, barns, &c., are mostly located, and where in times of freshet, every kind of animal retreats from the low grounds. The woodland is well timbered with a various growth of oak, pine, beech, poplar, and hickory. The cleared lands as above described, partake of the character peculiar to this various growth; always of course modified by the system of management, being best, as it ought to be, where the system and treatment is best, and worse where it is worst. If deep plowing, thorough draining, a judicious and generous rotation of crops, and plentiful manuring, were more generally adopted and more steadily adhered to, the results both to the general wealth of the State, and to the individual wealth of the proprietors, would be great and most encouraging.—Up to the commencement of the war, a large and thriving population of whites and blacks lived and prospered on these lands.—The crops under an improving and enlightened system of cultivation, annually increased in quantity and value, and the farmers and laborers felt the benefit of this increase; the one in the development of more enlarged and liberal views of life and education, the other in more extended privileges, greater abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life, and a condition of progressive amelioration. But this point will be referred to hereafter. We complete now our history of these valley lands by a short account of the sandy region, or "piney woods," as it is most commonly called. It may be questioned by some whether these lands can properly be comprised in the valley of the Roanoke, but it seems to me, agriculturally and economically speaking, all that section of country

should be included in the valley of a river, whose streams direct their course to its channel and whose population depend upon it for commercial and other advantages, and who refer to it as the main stream and artery through which flows the life blood of the land.—Viewed thus this pine region properly belongs to the valley of the Roanoke, and its productions and resources should be considered in the general estimation of her wealth and value. These lands for the most part rise in a gradual slope from the river uplands until they reach the crown or ridge dividing the waters which empty on the one side into the Roanoke, from those on the other which empty into the Tar and Chowan rivers. They are generally sandy in their character, of various degrees of lightness and fineness, and produce good crops of cotton, corn, and peas. Small grain such as wheat, oats, &c., do not succeed as well here. Their great value indeed is in their adaptation for cotton, the land when manured or composted yielding very fine crops. In addition to this, a source of great wealth lies in the pine forests which extend over its surface, producing most valuable supplies of lumber, tar, turpentine, rosin, shingles, &c. The *value* too of these timber lands, and their natural products, is increasing every year, and as the population of the State grows and their wants increase, they will become a most important feature in any estimate of the wealth of the Roanoke valley. Light and easily cultivated, high, dry, naturally well drained, and healthy; the masses of population will here first establish their houses, and it will only be when this section is filled up, that the lands nearer the river will feel the impulse of the overflowings of the population. In this pine region the proprietors of the large river plantations have their residences, where surrounded by the evidences of wealth, refinement, and comfort, they pass their time in an interchange of pleasant civilities, in the enjoyment of agreeable society, in the dispensing of a large hearted and refined hospitality, in the excitement of the deer hunt, and field sports, varied by the more toilsome, but probably not less agreeable labors, which their daily avocations constantly demand.

The wives and daughters of such husbands and fathers, are all which such husbands and fathers could desire. By their refinement and courtesy, they refine and polish the society in which they move and of which they are a part; by their virtuous and amiable lives and deportment they give to it a tone of elevation and urbanity which nothing else can give, and by their beauty, grace, hospitality and ready sympathy with all that is noble, pure and good, they bestow upon it a charm which is peculair in itself, and may with just pride be said to be peculiar to Southern women.

A description of the Roanoke valley lands would be incomplete without a reference to the large bodies of Pocosin which comprise a portion of the valley. These lands are generally very low, flat, cold, heavy and retentive of moisture. They are valuable now principally for the luxuriant, magnificent and valuable growth of timber which is upon them, and for the excellent range they afford for cattle, hogs, and stock of every description. This natural growth shows them to be strong and productive. They require, in order to the full development of their value, a thorough and heavy system of drainage, which, under the present system of labor, and with the sparse population would not be remunerative. Years hence, when a new order of things prevails, and the country becomes more filled up by the increase of population and emigration, they

will be esteemed at their true value, and will be regarded as not the most inconsiderable portion of that wealth which characterizes the valley of Roanoke river.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CROSS.

Je grosser Kreutz, je naher Himmel.

TRANSLATED BY J. J. GURNEY.

GREATER the cross, the nearer heaven;
Godless, to whom no cross is given!
The noisy world in masquerade
Forgets the grave, the worm, the shade;
Blest is yon dearer child of God
On whom he lays the cross, the rod.

Best, by whom most the cross is known;
God whets us on his grinding-stone;
Full many a garden's dressed in vain,
Where tears of sorrow never rain.
In fiercest flames the gold is tried,
In griefs the Christian 's purified.

'Midst crosses, faith her triumph knows,
The palm tree pressed more vigorous grows;
Go tread the grapes beneath thy feet,
The stream that flows is full and sweet.
In trouble, virtues grow and shine,
Like pearls beneath the ocean brine.

Crosses abound, love seeks the skies;
Blow the rude winds, the flames arise;
When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
The sun comes laughing through the clouds;
The cross makes pure affection grow,
Like oil that on the fire we throw.

Who wears the cross prays oft and well,
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell;
Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
The pole star who would care to find?
Had David spent no darksome hours,
His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

Milly Brown and Algernon Hartwell were engaged to be married when he left home for the war. He had loved her long and truly, had seen her play "Will 'o the wisp" with other men until he was hopeless, then she came round with a charming mixture of timidity and grace to lure him on. Both were young and handsome. So bright and joyous a spirit beaming from brilliantly colored features seemed to indicate a creature of frankness, impulse and depth, while in reality it was a fancy wrapping which concealed mental mediocrity warped by pleasure and admiration into vanity and frivolity. She tossed the furbelows of fashion in the frothiest wave of society, content to be a servile imitator of style, ignorant of any aspiration higher than a long list of admirers. Her pretty face flitted about a man until bewildered by her arts he lost balance, fell on his knees to be kicked unceremoniously into his senses, or wept over with a storm of tender pity and self reproaches. The latter was her favorite style and the victim generally arose with a miserable feeling of having wounded the sweetest creature in the world, exonerated her from all blame and rushed from her presence with a vague idea of self destruction. Once beyond the spell, away from the voice of the syren, the tragedy fell into a farce, and the first actor laughed at himself for a fool. As far as she knew herself her deepest feeling was for Algernon; weaving her snares around others, she kept an eye on him. He was worth the winning, she had sense enough to see that, and knew also the necessity for concealing her most glaring faults, while the most attractive part of her nature was paraded in an artfully artless manner to secure the prize. His weak point was an enthusiastic love of beauty, an artistic delight in light shade, grace and coloring ensnared him, an inferior woman was idealized into an embodiment of purity and loveliness by a superior mind whose strength became a weakness in her hand. Is it a new game? As new as the shearing in Delilah's bower. He was warned, but brothers are slow to perceive the fairness of sisterly advice. About the time when its justice began to dawn upon him, fate, that broad shouldered something on which we throw the responsibility of our actions, threw the two alone. A dangerous position on a fine night flooded with stars, when the summer wind heavy with tropic bloom, stirs the forests with its sighs, whirls the hazy drifts along the sky and toys a maiden's golden hair. Thus in an atmosphere of fragrance, softened light and witchery of sound, an image was enthroned for an idol, and a strong man bent the knee. There was a well arranged moment of silence, as if of solemn self-examination, broken by the tender appeals of an eloquent lover, followed by a timid avowal of love, then clinging kisses and words of sacred meaning, while the wind laughed and the stars hid their faces for the shame of lightly spoken vows.

Before a year had flown three new beaux were counted on the little white fingers—two carpet soldiers stationed at A—— for home defence, and a wealthy Mr. Harper, a new catch, about whom she pirouetted in her refined process of captivation until the old fool

went at her bidding like a human shuttlecock, a laughing stock for younger aspirants, but steadily working his way into power and receiving positive encouragement in his devoirs at her shrine. While her plighted lover was winning laurels on the field she was weaving a pinchbeck crown of coquetry among a set of cowardly skulkers from the army. Letters failed sometimes, but when they did come, what elegant little specimens of chirography, bonbons of literature, so satisfactorily explaining silence, so playfully recounting rumors of her faithlessness and successfully refuting them that his faith knew no abatement but an increase in fervid beauty.

No one knew where Mr. Harper came from, he was a man of influence, received in public and private life as a gentleman before any one took the pains to inquire, what matter? "Harper and Co." was the most thriving business house in the place. Harper commanded more means than any other man. Harper was a gentleman, of course, or why did letters and circulars pass through the office with "Hon," prefixed to his name? He was "Hon. U. B. Harper"—who dared deny it? This far-sighted wooer began a long ways off. Mrs. Brown was first won over by sundry presents. Mr. Brown had been the recipient of favors unnumbered, even to a co-partnership in business, before Milly was sure of conquest. In a short time the "Co." became a simple adjunct wound about the thumb of Mr. Harper. A certain rotundity of figure might suggest the impossibility of such a proceeding, nevertheless it was so. There had been another member of the firm who had worked early and late until he went into the army, came back to work as hard as ever until he coughed himself into the grave, and left a wife and three children upon the mercies of the world, committed to the care of his partner and friend. If there is a duality of soul it existed in that man, one was the liberal hightoned magnificent gentleman whose name flourished at the head of charity lists in public, foremost in all things with an affectation of humility, while the other browbeat the wife of his dead partner out of her rights, and practised a regular system of frauds on every one connected with him. The widow haunted him for months urging a settlement, left it in his hands, came out with nothing, and then became a dependant on him for work. She consulted a lawyer who honestly required proof by which to defend her. It was proof sufficient to her that the statements were made by the man she loved and mourned, but alas, he was in his grave. The surviving partners might have thrown some light on the subject, but one knew it would detract greatly from the capital and standing of the firm, while the other, occupying the position already described about the thumb of the establishment, was supposed to be deaf, dumb and blind. Mrs. Smith with the usual accompaniment of poverty, three scrawny children at her heels, was seen going and coming at her master's will, working for him, gratefully accepting the smallest pittance as compensation, until she was more truly his slave than the negro who blacked his boots. His shirts were the admiration of the ladies and envy of all the fops in town, he covered up his black heart with their immaculate folds; the elegant merchant displayed them across the counters and in the drawing rooms of his customers, while the thin woman who made them waited his leisure, by previous appointment, when every moment was as precious to her as a dollar to him, in the terrible struggle to fill the mouths that cried to her for bread. His speculations were not confined to smuggling

cotton through the lines, importing Limerick overcoats, or any such bold undertakings. From a cotton bale to a paper of pins, every article for which there was a demand, came within his scope of trade. The whole country was ransacked for its resources, advantage taken of ignorance concerning market prices, articles obtained by artful deception in a free and easy manner and sold for exorbitant profits. No town, village or country store, neighborhood or plantation within his line of travel failed to furnish him supplies. His hand found its way in everything, forty or fifty looms supplied him with bolts of cotton or woolen goods, in exchange for shoes, sugar or coffee, while the goods were packed off to the best market, to be retailed at fifty or seventy five dollars per yard. He made salt in Alabama at sixteen dollars per bushel, and sold the same in Georgia at two hundred and fifty, at the very time he harangued the public, through his advertisements, upon the good accruing to the Confederacy, by bringing to the doors of her famishing people, the necessities of life. "True," he would say, "these prices seem unreasonable, but consider the toil, the danger, the self-sacrifice of the purchaser." Thus he argued his dupes into a conviction that he was a public benefactor, as he handled their money, with intense delight emblazoned on his countenance in the blandest of smiles. Some were doubtful of his benevolence, but women who toiled day and night, were glad to obtain a pair of boots or shoes for a barefooted husband or son, at any price. When the money was once in hand they eagerly paid over five hundred dollars for boots that cost Mr. Harper fifty, without inquiring into the principle of encouraging extortion by patronage. How speculators gloried in their gains and how cautiously every investment was turned into money! Fortune prospered everything that man laid his hands on, from a negro slave to a plug of tobacco, except the victims in his way. Mrs. Smith grew paler and paler, poorer and poorer, day by day. Hard work and little pay, exposure and meagre diet wore the worker to a shadow, still the work went on.—Her little boy took pneumonia during the winter from running errands barefoot to the tan yard, where he saw piles upon piles of leather, rows on rows of shoes partly belonging to his father's estate. She left him moaning with fever to seek assistance. Mr. Harper smoked Perique in his fine meerschaum, over the morning papers, for an hour before she was admitted into his presence.—"Well?" he began inquiringly, "what will you have now?" There was a tantalizing air of condescension in his manner toward the poor, almost unendurable, but she had ceased to observe it.

"Jimmy is sick Mr. Harper"—she spoke timidly as if sickness was a fault for which pardon must be granted—"I must have a doctor—can I get a little money from you?

"He, he!" giggled the tormentor ironically, "a little money? That's your eternal whine—no madam, it is as much as I can do to feed your young ones without paying their drug bills."

She was angry then and flushed up to retort, but hunger and dependence silenced her. She stood shivering near the door and he was half reclining in a scarlet damask easy chair drawn before the fire, which threw a soft yellow light across the carpet; she forgot his selfishness, his coarse unkindness in a picture it brought to mind where the firelight of another hearth once danced on sunny heads, laughing lips, rosy cheeks and dimpled hands. It softened and crushed her pride as she began huskily—"wood is high, pro-

visions scarce and I am forced by my helpless children to ask your help. Miss Milly came to see after Jimmy yesterday and,"

A gleam of cunning crossed his face as he muttered to himself, "There's a point made, I think I shall pay her."

"Sir?"

"How much do I owe you?"

"I cannot tell exactly, Mr. Harper, for last month's washing and mending, for making two bolts of domestic in shirts, for the linen suits, for the corn sacks"—

"Hold on for God's sake, do you want to break me? I paid you for the washing."

"When, Mr. Harper?"

"When?" echoed he. "What in the name of the devil do you think I have to do? Keep your own accounts madam. Those shirts were not made for me."

"You ordered them," was added timidly.

"For my customers if I did, when they pay me I'll pay you," growled he in reply. The shirts had all been disposed of and three hundred dollars booked as net profits on each bolt of domestic. Mrs. Smith would not have received a cent that day had not the gentleman's reflections on the impertinence of the poor been interrupted by a clear sweet voice in the adjoining room. He kept an eye on a mirror above the mantel conveniently adjusted for such occasions, handled his bank bills tenderly, selected a five and handed it over with a crisp sound of plenty, just at the moment Milly Brown's blue eyes were turned in that direction.

"Beware of tell-tale rumors Mr. Harper," said she nodding at him and playfully lifting her finger with the words, "beware, if you would practice charity on the plan of concealment." He turned to meet her with the blandest expression his parsimonious mouth could assume, as Mrs. Smith passed swiftly out of the back door, with lips quivering with wounded pride at the knowledge of being paraded as an idle pensioner on the charity of a man who ground her to the earth in his pitiless tyranny. Merry greetings were exchanged, jests and a hackneyed set of compliments, before the soft gloved hand was relinquished with a parting pressure. The brilliant repartee of fashionable small talk flew from lip to lip, she glancing at him through her shining lashes and he on the watch with his small serpent eyes.

"By the way, you did not attend the concert last night," maneuvering slyly for an escort to the next, "I missed you."

"Did you really? How sweet an assurance!"

Both smiled and exchanged glances as he continued "the fact was that little protege of mine, yours too I believe, was so very ill that I sent some trifling delicacies around and"—

"How good of you now!" With a sweet languishing smile.

"Not at all, not at all, mere trifles the little fellow wanted—as I was saying, I waited for my boy's return to hear from the child and unfortunately it was too late to go, so I spent the evening quietly in my office." He winked at a swaggering fellow kicking his feet across a barrel, who blew a long whistle of amazement and walked out leaving the silly girl to flutter down into a snare. Men daily see deception and wrong, becoming participators in crime by concealment instead of boldly confronting deceiver and deceived with truth—so goes the world. The conversation assumed a tender tone over the goods strewn on the counters for Milly's inspection. Her hand was clasped fervently under the folds of a piece of merino, and though she had nearly lost the charm of blushing, there was a slight color on her cheeks as she shamed him playfully in the feeble effort to withdraw it—meanwhile

his disengaged hand held a diamond ring before her eyes.

"Will you wear it?" asked he entreatingly.

"Maybe so, yes, for awhile I will." The pretty tan colored glove was drawn to receive it.—There was a plain gold band bearing Algernon's name and hers, he knew it and his eyes lit up with triumph as he saw it taken hastily from her finger.

"What will you do with that one now?"

"Return it, throw it away, or something. He was positively the greatest dunce about me; do you know, Mr. Harper, he took a little silly flirtation we had on the night of his sister's party for a solemn engagement, and sent me this ring from Richmond?"

"I thought so too, Miss Milly—now tell me, were you not engaged? Upon honor now?" asked he, holding the diamond tantalizingly at the tip of her finger. She turned a shade whiter at the prospect of losing it, and it was so splendid!

"Why no! Did you believe it?"

"Everybody believes it—I have heard his sister say so openly."

"She is a mean contemptible woman, and has just told that to injure me. Mr. Harper she is dead in love with you."

"You think so? I have observed that she dislikes you very much, now it may be some feeling of jealousy."

"I know it is!" The ring was still held lightly on. "I declare," added she, "upon my word and honor as a lady I never entertained an idea of marrying him in my life!"

"Now, Miss Milly!"

"I don't care whether you believe it or not!"

The red lips pouted angrily, the ring was slipped securely on and the face settled into dimples and smiles as he kissed her hand.

"How long shall I wear it?" How changed and sweet grew her tone.

"Until you catch a new beau." She laughed and feigned to change the rings again, but he adroitly slipped the plain one from her hold held it above her reach as she stood on tiptoe, and stamped her feet impatiently to regain it."

"Now please!" pleaded she flushing with eagerness and glancing anxiously toward the street. "If you won't read that motto aloud, dear Mr. Harper, I'll do anything you ask me!"

"Anything?"

"Yes anything in the world!" His face was close to hers as he whispered.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, give me back my ring!"

"Were you engaged to young Hartwell?"

The same hand that had worn his ring was lifted up, and the rosy lips began to swear.

"I hope God may strike me dead if—" Olive Hartwell with her thin nostrils dilating with anger and her lip curling in scorn stood before her. The silence of embarrassment was broken by Olive in a peremptory manner.

"Give me my brother's ring."

"Shall I do so?" Asked Mr. Harper turning to the other.—Her face was white with fear, but she faltered out,

"By what right do you take my ring?"

"By right of faithfulness to him." Neither had the courage to resist her, and the ring was given up.

"Come Ned," said Olive calmly, to a child in her company, "we will find Jimmy's crackers somewhere else." She was a trifle paler than usual but smiled in answer to the boy's bewildered look of wonder that Miss Olive could be so bad and so good all in one. Milly saw it, as they walked out, and directed Mr. Harper's attention to her hypocrisy.

"Did you see that smile? Can't she put on the *sweetest* ways? It is perfectly astonishing the amount of temper that girl has!"

"Perfectly astonishing," echoed he vacantly, for there was an inward groaning of the spirit over the loss of a customer. The wooing cooled for a time.

The Browns were on the brink of ruin. A weak headed, good hearted old man was driven to desperation by two worldly minded women who aspired only to cutting a dash. He went deeper and deeper in debt until there was a tremendous deficit against him in cash accounts of his own house, besides a long list of frightful bills pouring in from every house in town. The story of ruin was whispered at home, where he was borne down with reproaches, floods of tears and paroxysms of rage. Embezzlements of money and forgery was the consequence. Heated with wine and maddened by domestic troubles, in the same room where Smith's papers came to ashes, the wily serpent brought the poor old man to shame. Mr. Harper desired absolute power in the family of his intended wife. Her father would have scouted the proposal had it been made in plain English, but it presented itself in another light. He had opposed the marriage from a feeling of kindness toward Algernon, who had been known to him from boyhood, but now it was a choice for her between poverty and shame, or concealment of his crime. The latter brought her wealth and position which he could not give when Harper became his enemy. All were against him, Milly herself. She scorned Algernon, why should he cling to him for her? And love? He shrugged his shoulders at a fancy of his youth, he had married on that principle, what was his home? A scale hung over the family hearth—in one side stood Harper, gold, and a splendidly attired woman of fashion, glittering with jewels—in the other crouched a haggard creature with Algernon and bitter herbs; specie brought the balance down. A daughter was signed and sealed as an instrument of trade, and the Browns filed off from the precipice snatched from ruin. The instrument was kissed for good behavior to her kind parents, and handed over to her master.

CHAPTER II.

There was a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. Miss Brown, radiant with smiles and gewgaws, entertained her set during the pauses in the music by ridiculing the severe style of Miss Hartwell, her affectation of wearing homespun when she could afford better, and other demonstrations of patriotism.

"Don't you think," asked one of her hangers on who was not quite bold enough to differ openly—"that, ah, the fact of her being enabled to dress better, renders the sacrifice more lovely?"

"Not at all, it is affectation."

"Perhaps a desire to attract attention"—suggested Mr. Weakly.

"Or a hook set out for a husband among the soldiers"—added a witty fellow with substitute papers in his hat; of course it was funny, everything he said was, and everybody was bound to laugh when Mr. Swagger opened his mouth. When he, he, he! and ha, ha, ha! and ho! ho! ho! went round as usual, Milly subsided into a giggle, threw a rosebud at him and simpered out:

"Oh, you are too wicked! You make me laugh at poor Olive when I don't want to."

Two gentlemen, one a gray haired chaplain and the other a soldier, sat directly in front of the group, and had been disturbed by

their clatter the whole evening.—At this moment the younger man spoke out suddenly. "Nonsense can be borne, but this is past endurance."

"I wonder why she isn't displaying herself this evening?" added Milly.

"Yes, this is a soldier's concert," said Mr. Harper, "she ought to patronize it."

"Oh," rejoined the wit, "her patriotism keeps outside of her pocket. I dare say the poor girl had no beau, she is getting ancient, you know." The laughter bid fair to be uproarious on this occasion, but had not progressed further than the wit's own outburst, when it was interrupted by the soldier in the next tier who waved conventionalities and requested permission to speak. It was a handsome face, and the young lady bent forward with a gracious smile to listen.

"I should be ungrateful indeed and undeserving of the friendship of a noble woman if I remained silent any longer. Miss Hartwell is as truly a sister of mercy as those who wear the cowl."

"God bless her, she is!" said the old man at his side.

"But of that I need not speak," continued the object of Milly's admiration—"an affectation of sacrifice is imputed to her, the extent of her sacrifices to the cause of the South can never be known. My own obligations to her are past enumeration. The greatest of them is the preservation of my life, the least is the shirt on my back. As the subject of dress is under discussion I am able to inform you that it is made out of the last woolen dress in her possession." He bowed with the same air of gentility he began, and observing the mortification of the lady, added kindly as he resumed his seat—"I trust your misrepresentation of her character arose from ignorance." An awkward pause fell on the group, but Mr. Harper came to the rescue by resuming the conversation in an undertone. Mr. Swagger kindly revived the rest by giving some of Miss Hartwell's remarks on the political affairs of the country, her sarcasm on the speculators, and frequent suggestions in his presence that he and others could be spared at home. She was shewed up in so facetious a style that his listeners were convulsed with suppressed laughter at his successful imitation of her haughtiness. "Confound these high strung women," concluded he elegantly, "who won't let a fellow stay at home in peace."

Miss Brown sent Mr. Harper away in search of a glass of water. When he was out of sight her white kid touched the handsome stranger. "Permit me to ask you sir," her voice assumed the penitent accent—"how Olive came to save your life?" She had modest downcast eyes as she continued—"I am sorry I spoke that way, it was thoughtlessness. Olive knows I never mean half I say, when I'm with Mr. Swagger, he's so amusing, I run on for fun, you know!" While he was silently looking at her, she was thinking. "How very stylish! He may be richer than old Harper, who knows? What eyes! What a mouth. Sarcastic, it looks, too, with those white teeth sunk in the under lip—but the moustache! He must be a planter, I'm sure he is, he looks for the world like one!"

"She saved my life," said he softly, as if it were almost sacrilege to speak of her to that brainless woman, "by holding a bleeding artery in a horrible wound, from which I would have died in a few moments had she failed in courage or strength."

"Oh! How could she?" exclaimed Milly shrugging her bare shoulders. "Blood makes me so sick! She must have loved you very much," was added archly.

"You are mistaken." He turned away with an evident desire to discontinue the conversation, and when the artful coquette spoke again, he was engrossed in the music.

The subject of their brilliant satire was represented at the concert by two tickets she had purchased to give away and had refused the escort of the gentleman who had defended her so manfully.

At that hour while his mother slept, she sat watching Jimmy Smith, and thinking of Sydney Clarke. His face had been a statue in her memory since the moment it lay rigid and white before her, when she had wrought herself into superhuman strength and knew that one instant of weakness brought death. It had never been forgotten, and his life since that day through all its vicissitudes had known one ceaseless yearning to behold her face once more. In the imperative demands of her love she had left home in search of a missing brother, had found this man in her path bleeding to death. All natural horror at such a scene fled before the desire to save his life, the flowing artery was found, and by an accidental pressure of her fingers she discovered it could be checked. He was not dead, would it save him? It would be a fearful ordeal of human strength, but the slender hope could not be abandoned. She sat there calmly and quietly enough at first, but as the tension of the muscles increased, time waxed slow, and every instant alternated with confidence and despair. She bent over him with fixed eyes, scarcely breathing, her heart-throbs falling like a roll of muffled drums, afraid to move her colorless lips, afraid to lift her eyes lest that hand forfeit its part—no man ever held the sword with grander heroism than that woman kept that thread of life within her hold! Each atom of time was lengthened. Every instant was a moment, every moment an hour, and hours would never end! There was a sound! Had her nerves been corded past their length and broken? She could not hear, her heart was leaping from her throat! There was roaring, roaring thunder! Was it wheels? An ambulance? Hush, world, and listen! She dared not look, nor speak.—Would they come that way? Would they see her? Oh weary, weary march of time! What a world hung on that sound? Coming brought life, going death? Would not God see? Must she cry aloud before He heard her agonizing? What was that man to her? Her life, her life! Her tongue was paralyzed, but the soul cried God! God! The universe might hear its moan. Every feature in its rigid pain spoke *miserere!* The sound came nearer, rolling, rolling on—she listened with her whole frame, every muscle tried its strength, eyes wildly dilating and the heart bounding like a wounded deer in the chase—life or death? It died away in the sand—two great hot tears dropped upon her bosom, her face grew old but the hand kept still as a dead thing at its post.

There was a waving she did not see across the plain, a shouting she could not hear.

"Halloa!"

It sounded afar off to this woman-warrior in the battle, it was the roar of conflict, the shock of armies and her hour had come.—Darker and darker grew the world, brighter and brighter the heavens! They two would die together, together live again—side by side reborn—wing bound to wing should cleave the great unknown.

"Halloa!"

Fainter and fainter still the sound, sweeter and sweeter, nearer and nearer the diapason from another shore—and this was dying; sweet, sweet pain! That hand should grow immortal by

her dauntless will, should be the last to cower at the tramp of death. *It never failed.* Help came at last, but their voices were unheard, their ministering unseen; not until they had corded the man's limb and drew her arm away did the revulsion come, and the overwrought senses relax into unconsciousness. He was breathing faintly, and dimly divining by the voices around him and dreamy memories that the woman lying lifeless on the dark green grass, with her long hair trailing across the path was his preserver. So vague were his returning sensations that he longed to die there close beside her and know no more. Men of his own command were chafing her hands and arms, and he saw the right one was traced with stagnant veins, knotted with swollen muscles, almost petrified in purple stain. So near to him through suffering, must she pass away? Must he stand without the aureole with folded arms? Was he not hers by right of pain? No, no! They were bearing her away, he would follow that white face through the world, life should not rob him of the love which death had given. He was lifted to the litter and they paused at his side with their precious burden. How deathly fair, the wondrous, matchless being! Strange and powerful is the influence of purity, the modest man spoke in a whisper and would have guarded her with his life.

"Holy Mother!" said an Irishman crossing himself, "its no wonder we bate thim yisterday when the swate angels was camped about us!"

The surgeon's directions were obeyed promptly and silently.—With the first low tremulous breath every man expressed his thankfulness save one who laid his own weak hand on the stained fingers across the bosom with a quick tender gesture as if she were a holy thing!

They had met again, he had found her at last, did she love him? She asked herself the same question over and over again, keeping watch by the sick child, living over that watch in the Wilderness until her eyes glittered like kindled coals at memory.—No longer a nameless myth of the past, but a reality of the present. A strong, sinewy frame, graceful and quick in motion, deep set changeful eyes, well cut features portraying cultivation, mental and moral strength, stern justice and honor softened by benevolence and genial humor in expression and address—such a man was Sydney Clarke. What woman would not love him?

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM COWPER.

We will give a brief sketch of this remarkable man for three reasons. First, we learn from his biography that great things may be achieved late in life. He was fifty years old, when his first volume of poems was published.—He began real, earnest work at an age when most men think only of quiet and repose. Let not those despair, then, whose early opportunities have been limited, or who like Cowper may have wasted the precious moments of youth, of yet performing noble deeds of usefulness and of gaining even a name that the world will not let die.—And let not those who have been

diligent laborers from the dawn of life, relax their efforts when they have reached its grand climacteric, under the mistaken impression that they have also obtained unto the full maturity of their mental powers. Richard Burke said of his brother when a boy that he was always at work. But Burke's mightiest speeches were delivered late in life. Sir James Mackintosh has left a note-worthy opinion in this connection. "The memorable instances of Cicero and Milton, and still more those of Dryden and Burke, seem to show that there is some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly or to blaze more fiercely in the evening than in the morning of life." Humboldt and Sir David Brewster are familiar illustrations of this truth. Lord Brougham is still an effective lecturer in his seventy-eighth year. This does not surprise us in the statesman, the scholar and the philosopher. In the morning, mists and fogs obscure the vision; at mid-day, the glare of the sun dazzles the eye; but in the afternoon, objects are seen distinctly in their true forms, colors and dimensions. So, too, in the morning of life, the passions and prejudices of youth darken reason; in manhood, the pride of knowledge and confidence of strength may bewilder and betray; it is only in the evening of our day, when looking through the mellowed light of experience, do we see things as they really are and estimate them at their true value. It is not then strange to us that the great *thinker*, after his passions have been subdued by age and after his views of life have been chastened by its trials, should work out more profound and important truths than he had done in the glow and vigor of youth.—But we naturally associate the *poet*, the child of feeling, with the sparkling dew, the sweet fragrance and the roseate hues of the morning. The season of love ought to be the season of poetry. The sweet strains of tenderness belong of right to youth. Is Cowper then, feeling the divine afflatus for the first time when past the age of romance, an anomaly in nature? By no means. Even while we write on this bright November afternoon, the forest with its variegated colors of red, purple and yellow presents a gorgeous picture, which no May morning ever saw. Trees and shrubs are arrayed in royal robes of richest dyes, which shame the sober livery of spring. And thus it can happen that the flowers of poetic fancy may receive their loveliest tinge when the hand of decay is stamping its seal upon the mind that produces them.

The practical lesson taught is that no one should neglect the gift God has given him, however late discovered, lest he share the doom of the wicked and slothful servant, (wicked because slothful,) who went and hid his lord's talent and put it not out to usury.

Second. The life of Cowper gives an important hint to parents to cultivate courage in their children as an essential element of goodness, greatness and happiness. He was constitutionally timid, and many of his infirmities of temper and character were due to that weakness. In boyhood, it subjected him to years of misery from the tyranny of a mean, low boy. In manhood, it made him morbidly sensitive and unhappy, and on one occasion drove him to a desperate attempt at self-destruction.

"The cowardly are always cruel," is a proverb as true as it is old and universally received. The philosophy of it is simple. The coward is selfish, and selfish fear makes him wish to put out of the way, or render helpless, those he fears may injure him. We once heard an old and eminent lawyer in Virginia say that in his long experience, he had never known a murder which was not prompted

by fear or by money. Again, although the coward conceals all feeling of resentment at the time of receiving the real or supposed affront, he broods over it, ponders it and turns it over in his mind and strikes, when the offender is helpless or unsuspicious of danger. A friend told the writer of this that he was present in the Charleston Convention when young Smith, (son of Gov. Smith of Va.,) made an assault upon another member, who turned deadly pale and exhibited the most pitiable terror. The insulted man shewed no indignation then, but revenge lurked in his heart. He left the party with which he was then acting and joined that hostile to Smith and his countrymen. The coward of the Charleston Convention became, subsequently, the tyrant of New Orleans. And how painfully is the same principle illustrated now, when the men who fought the South so stoutly are extending the fraternal hand, while the Butlers, Schencks and Brownlows, who never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, are "breathing out threatenings and slaughter." All returned Southern prisoners testify that at the hands of *fighting* soldiers, they received humane treatment, but when they fell into the hands of "prison guards," recruited as such, they were treated like brutes. Doubtless, federal prisoners had identically the same experience. Thus it has been, is, and ever will be.

What language can be found in which "brave" and "generous" are not indissoluble words? Virtue, *i. e.*, manliness, (from *vir* a man) has been quietly assumed to be the type, representation and embodiment of all noble qualities. The translators of King James' Bible seem to recognize this, and have rendered the "goodness" of the Greek tongue into the "virtue" of the Latin.

Parents then should seek to repress timidity and to foster courage in their children, not only that they may be free from tormenting fear, but that they may also be generous and magnanimous. A correspondent, in the November No. of this Magazine, tells of a brave Pennsylvania girl, who refused to take his hand when she was in the power of the Confederate Army, but nursed him with the tenderest care when he lay a helpless prisoner.

Third. The life of Cowper entirely explodes the fallacy that religious melancholy produces madness. It is often quoted in support of this foolish theory, and that too in spite of the uniform testimony of "mad doctors" and keepers of insane asylums, that religious melancholy is a phase assumed very often by insanity, but never a cause of it.

The assertion that religious melancholy tends to mental derangement can be demonstrated to be false from the nature of religion itself, which recognizes the hand of God in all the dealings of his Providence. Should these dealings bring sickness, bereavement, trial and poverty, they are acknowledged to be the chastisements of a merciful *father*, "who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."—"Like as a *father* pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with *sons*, for what *son* is he whom the *father* chasteneth not?" If a son perceive the love as well as authority of the father in the chastisement, he may be filled with the truest sorrow, but surely not with that despair, which drives to madness and suicide. The waves of affliction may rush in dark and turbid streams over the soul, but the bow of promise spans the black flood, and its radiance is derived

from the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The eye of faith and love looks away from the waste and desolation of the waters to the glorious symbol tinged with the hues of Heaven, and erected as a triumphal arch over the ruin.

Should peace, plenty and prosperity crown the christian's days, each blessing is rendered more dear and precious because conferred by the hand of love. The son in a strange land on receiving a rich gift from the far distant father, would prize it, not at the world's valuation, but as a sweet token of that undying affection, which time and distance could not estrange. It would be a pledge too of that future inheritance, which as a son he would of right enjoy. The light in the homestead window does not merely serve as a beacon on a dark and stormy night to the returning son, but it tells of the comfort and enjoyment with the loved circle under the sacred roof.

Thus, true religion assuages and lightens the burden of grief, and enhances the pleasure of life. How absurd is it then to talk of religious melancholy as the cause of madness. The three considerations above given will be more fully unfolded as we proceed with the narrative.

William Cowper was born on the 26th November, 1731, at Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, England. His father was Rector of the church there, and also chaplain to George II. The grandfather of the poet was Hon. Spencer Cowper, Chief Justice of Chester and also Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. He was brother to the celebrated Earl Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England. William Cowper refers to the royal lineage of his mother in those touching lines on her picture, beginning with

"Oh that those lips had language," &c.

Anne Donne could trace her descent by far distant channels from Henry III. But though she died when the poet was but six years old, her piety had made such an ineffaceable impression upon his memory that he felt this to be a higher source of qualification than honorable birth.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Like the Psalmist he could say, "I am thy servant and *the son of thy handmaid.*" Amid all the waywardness of his life, he never forgot her example and her prayers. What an encouragement is here afforded to parental faithfulness. "For the promise is to you and to your children."

The child passed from the watchful care and tenderness of the mother to the companionship of rude boys in school. Here the cruelties of a young Turchin kept him in a state of torture for two whole years, and probably had a powerful agency in producing that nervous shrinking and that depression of spirits, which eventually culminated in madness. "I well remember," said he years afterward, "being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him by his shoe-buckles better than by any other part of his dress." The sufferer was removed from school and had a season of rest until his tenth year, when he was sent to Westminster school and began the study of the classics. Here his progress was not remarkable in his studies and he learned to be idle and to tell falsehoods. The best translator of Homer left school forever in his eighteenth year, but a poor adept in classical lore. Nor does he seem to have had much regret for his deficiency when he discovered it. "A little experience of

the world," said he, "taught me that there were other attainments, which would carry a man through life more handsomely than perpetually revolving and expounding what Homer and Virgil had left behind them." A weighty truth, but the South has been slow to perceive it. When bordering on his nineteenth year, he was articled to a London Solicitor, with whom he staid three years. But they were years of utter idleness and neglect of study. He says in a letter to his cousin Lady Hesketh, "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a Solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed from morning till night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. I am pleased about Lord Thurlow's enquiries about me. If he takes it into that inimitable head of his, he may make a man of me yet." His idle fellow-student (?), by the diligent application of his great faculties at night, repaired to some extent the losses of the day, and became Lord Thurlow, the High Chancellor of England. In Southampton Row resided his kind, indulgent uncle, Ashley Cowper, and the great attraction was the sprightly society of the uncle's two daughters, one of whom became Lady Hesketh. To the other, the poet gave the first fresh affections of his heart, the love was returned and his cousin Theodora became his affianced wife. He now removed to the Temple and there led the same idle life, pursuing nothing seriously but his love suit. Unfortunately for this affair, some eruptions broke out on his face and he applied to a quack for cosmetics to remove them, so that he might not appear less attractive in the eyes of his mistress. The remedy drove the disease upon the brain and soon evidences of madness could be observed. Ashley Cowper peremptorily separated the lovers, and life's first sweet dream was over for the poet, never to return. Under the combined influences of his malady and disappointment in his hopes of the hand of Theodora, he became a moping melancholy man and subject to the deepest fits of despondency.—But he at length found relief by a contemplation of the goodness of God, as manifested in the beauties of creation. It is observable that when the Almighty wished to recall Job from his morbid misanthropy and contracted views of divine economy, he bade the complainer observe the wondrous works of God. Within our observation, a mother, who was inconsolable for the loss of her first-born, was first directed from her consuming grief by gazing upon the green fields and fresh flowers of spring. The Being, who adorns and beautifies all nature, must be a God of love. So felt the bereaved mother, and she recognized that goodness, even under her sore trial. The Being, who could lay the foundations of the earth, and form the leviathan and behemoth, the monster of the deep and the monster of the land, must be inscrutable in knowledge and power. So felt Job, and he bowed in submission to a stroke coming from Him, whose ways are past finding out. Overwhelmed with a sense of that wisdom and majesty, he cried out, "*I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee* * * * * * *Wherefore*, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

During the next ten years, the poet led an idle, profitless life, reading much, but in a rambling desultory manner. He wrote, too, both prose and verse, but produced nothing worthy of preservation. "The poems he wrote during the first period of his author-

ship, which ended when he was thirty-one, are neither good in themselves, nor give the slightest promise of future excellence.—The thoughts are commonplace, the language bold, the verse without harmony." (London Quarterly.) His slender patrimony was now exhausted, and he accepted the offer of a clerkship in the House of Lords. But his consent was given, only as a last resort to keep him from actual want. For his natural timidity, aggravated by the bullying he had received when a boy, made him dread the performance of any duty in public. "However much he was at home with his facetious and jovial companions, they had not helped to banish his native shyness. Many years afterwards, on warning a young acquaintance against the 'vicious fear,' which had proved 'his own ruin,' he told him that the mingling with men of pleasure would not cure it but would rather increase it in sober society." (London Quarterly.)—But what was his horror on learning that not only were the functions of his office to be discharged in public, but that he had to stand an examination before the House of Lords, as to his qualifications for office. The state of his mind, for the next six months from his abject terror of the examination, was one of such exquisite torture that the agony of the rack could bear no comparison with it. "Lifting up his eyes to Heaven in a spirit of rancorous reproach, he cursed aloud the day of his birth." (*Ibid.*) He wished for death and attempted suicide by drowning, by the dagger, and the poisoned bowl, but was always frustrated in his design, as he believed by the direct interposition of Providence. At length came the night preceding the dread day of trial, and it was a night of most fearful horrors. For three hours, he tried to kill himself with his pen-knife, but his trembling hand struck feebly and wildly. At length the blade was broken, and he next made two attempts to hang himself. In the second, the garter by which he had suspended himself broke before life was gone, and he fell insensible upon the floor. On reviving, he mistook his own groans for the wails of the damned, and imagined himself in hell.

Well is it to pray to be delivered from "the fear of man which bringeth a snare." Well is it to teach children to fear God and to have no other fear. The right fear of God will surely banish the wrong fear of man. How many, like poor Peter, have denied their Lord and Master through a cowardly dread of the blasphemer and persecutor.

Up to this time, Cowper had lived in almost heathenish ignorance of the cardinal doctrines of christianity. No Jacobin of the year of 1866 could know less of the Bible than he did. "To this moment," says he, "I felt no concern of a spiritual kind. Ignorant of original sin, insensible of the guilt of actual transgression, I understood neither the law nor the gospel; the condemning nature of the one, nor the restoring mercies of the other. I was as much unacquainted with Christ, in all his saving offices, as if his blessed name had never reached me." (Personal life.) In fact, nothing but his subsequent knowledge of the gospel, imperfect as it was at first, saved him from repeating the effort to destroy himself. "The sense of it (religion) secured me from the repetition of a crime, which I could not now reflect upon without horror."—(Personal life.) His malady increased in violence until he felt one day, as though he had been suddenly struck on the head. He himself dates his second attack of madness from that day. For five months he believed himself a condemned sinner and hourly expec-

ted his doom. But a conversation with his only brother cheered him up, and with renewed hopes, he opened his Bible and the first verse his eyes lighted upon was the 25th of the 3d chapter of Romans. "Whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." The effect was instantaneous. "Unless," says he, "the Almighty arm had been under me, I think that I would have died with gratitude and joy. * * * * * * To rejoice now day and night was all my employment." In commenting upon these incidents in his life, the London Quarterly says, "the 'Personal Narrative' of Cowper is a complete refutation of the popular notion that religion made him mad. Both of his attacks arose from causes which had no connection with it, and when the subject engaged no part of his attention.—In the first visitation, it was only after the disease had taken root that he sought relief from prayer, which he abandoned the moment his health was restored. In the second and more terrible concussion of his mind, it was not until his phrenzy had driven him to attempt suicide that his conscience took alarm and directed his attention from what would have fed his disease."

With new views of the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, there came an entire change over Cowper. The wild olive was grafted upon the tree which grows by the River of Life. The old juices were there, but they flowed through different channels, and bore different fruit. The former timidity remained, but it now manifested itself in christian humility and gentleness. The old fondness for conversation was there, but the topics were no longer of the world; the constant theme was redeeming love. Thus those peculiarities of temper and character, which had been profitless to society and a blight to himself, under the vivifying influence of Divine grace became an ornament to the church and a benefit to mankind. The mists and fog, which in the valley are laden with malaria and death, when warmed and lifted up by the genial rays of the sun, gild, gladden and beautify the scene. So, cold, low and grovelling desires when warmed and elevated by the Sun of Righteousness may become a blessing to the world and to the cause of the Redeemer. Paul's persecuting energy was converted into untiring christian zeal. Peter's rude impetuosity became the calm courage of the martyr. Cowper's sensitive shrinking from the public gaze became the "walk with all loveliness and meekness" of the humble child of God.

SKETCH OF MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

As "THE LAND WE LOVE" is printed and published at *Charlotte*, its Carolina readers will consider some remarks upon the PAST of Mecklenburg and Charlotte as neither inopportune nor inappropriate.

Mecklenburg county began to be occupied about the year 1742. That delightful section of North Carolina lying between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, and for this reason not inaptly called Mesopotamia, was like most other frontier countries, first occupied by hunters, herdsmen and shepherds. Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, poured in their full contin-

gent to that flood of emigration which was soon to make the wilderness and the solitary places blossom as the rose. The primitive simplicity of the pastoral stage of society, with its calm, quiet and security, its freedom from care, from avarice and the rivalries of older communities, stamped the infant settlements with the impress of another Arcadia, pure, contented, free, enlightened, enterprising, virtuous and independent.

These beautiful and charming features of frontier society were soon followed by the agricultural, commercial and political stages. Lands began to be appropriated—farms cleared—villages erected—counties laid off—courts established—laws promulgated—schools and churches organized, and all the machinery of civilization and government put into motion.—Such was the condition of things west of the Yadkin, when in 1762, Mecklenburg county was formed, and its seat of justice laid off and called Charlotte, in honor of the new Queen, Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburg.

As already remarked, the principal emigration to Mecklenburg was from the less remote colonies north of Carolina. Besides these, many of the emigrants reached the country direct from Europe through the Cape Fear river and the harbor of Charleston. Many of the Irish, Scotch-Irish and Huguenot families sought the interior sections of the Carolinas through these channels. But all of them came to the new country with the noble purpose and determination of bettering their condition. Few of them brought wealth with them. But what was better, they all brought enterprise, energy, industry—simple and frugal habits—physical strength and a manly self-reliance. Most of them, too, were intelligent and well informed—accustomed to subordination and obedience to law, while not a few of them were learned men, profound thinkers—classical and thorough scholars of the olden time—the palmy days of Edinburgh and Nassau Hall. To these excellent traits of character must be added a strong development of the religious principle, their conscientiousness and their strict performance of social and relative duty.

Such, in brief, were the characteristics of the inhabitants of Mecklenburg a century since. These are the very elements from which to elaborate a destiny so illustrious—a future so glorious—a fame so eternal and imperishable. To these elements may be traced her sudden expansion and rapid growth in the arts of civilized life—her early efforts in the cause of learning, as well as her more recent educational enterprises, and her time-honored devotion to religious culture and improvement, her churches and her schools of learning. And to these elements, too, in the character of her first population, may be traced that careful vigilance for *right*, *conscience* and *liberty*—that stern definer of the *Representative Principle* and that bold assertion of the right of *self-government*. To these elements are to be ascribed her first Declaration of Independence, the unselfish patriotism which prompted and the lofty heroism which achieved it.

The whole record of Mecklenburg is a bright one. The reminiscences of her early patriots, and of her self-sacrificing soldiers, constitute a rich legacy which their posterity and their countrymen should never forget, nor undervalue.

The original boundaries of Mecklenburg embraced Rutherford county, and also Lincoln, then extending to the South Carolina line. The present counties of Cabarrus and Union belonged, at a still later period, to Mecklenburg—forming thus a magnificent area and princely domain, equal in superficial ex-

tent to New Jersey and Delaware, and surpassing that of Rhode Island. This wide area was beautifully diversified, and adorned by every variety of charming landscape, combining the tame features of the extended champaign—the fertile valley—the river alluvial, with the grandeur of mountain scenery. It was an inviting theatre for the display of the highest phase of Anglo-American civilization.

The names designating the county and town imply the steadfast loyalty and devotion of the original colonists to the reigning family. As another proof of this loyalty they gave to the first institution of learning established west of the Yadkin, the name of Queen's Museum.

These repeated compliments to the King did not imply, however, a blind adherence and subserviency to his ministry at home—nor to his parliament—much less to his Colonial Agents in Carolina. Adherence to *right* was with the freemen of Mecklenburg, the condition of their obedience, and they took the earliest opportunity to disobey when that right was violated or disregarded. When Selwyn, a crown favorite, attempted, in 1766, to locate his large grants of land in this county, the people arose in arms, seized the surveyor and forced him to desist. A few years later the corrupt officials of the Colonial Governor, Tryon, by their fraudulent exaction of unlawful fees, exasperated even the law abiding colonists to armed resistance. He called upon the military of Mecklenburg to put down the insurgents, sustain his authority, and quell the rebellion. To the credit of Mecklenburg, one of her captains was so firm and so virtuous as to refuse to lead his company against his countrymen, who were resisting oppression and protecting their rights. This officer was Captain James Knox, the maternal grandfather of the late President of the United States, James Knox Polk. The minions of Tryon continued, in many of the counties of Carolina, to collect fees not authorized by law and to perpetrate other acts of oppression and tyranny upon the poorer colonists. These again flew to arms. To subdue this incipient rebellion Tryon sent to Charleston for large supplies of ammunition. His wagons transporting these supplies, when passing through the Rocky river settlement, (now Cabarrus) were boldly intercepted by sterling patriots of that neighborhood—a train was set to the powder and the entire cargo destroyed by its explosion. This was near Phifer's Hill, afterwards Long's Tavern, in Cabarrus county, and occurred early in May, 1771. So early did Mecklenburg demonstrate her sympathy in resistance to arbitrary government. In the battle of Alamance, which took place on the 16th of May, 1771, we see the first blood shed in the American Revolution. The dawn of independence was already gilding the political horizon from New Hampshire to Georgia. The great question at issue between Great Britain and her American Colonies was that of Parliamentary supremacy. The latter held that taxes were the *gift* of the people to the crown or the government—that these taxes could not be laid or collected without the consent of the people, or their representatives chosen by themselves. The stamp act had been resisted successfully and repealed, but the insignificant tax of three pence per pound on tea was retained for the purpose, as the ministry said, of asserting the *right* of Parliament to tax the colonies. This assertion dissolved the charm of loyalty to the King, and allegiance to his government, and the colonies armed to resist. In the whole of Mecklenburg county, such were the frugal and inexpensive habits

of the people, there were perhaps not ten pounds of tea consumed in the year. This tax, inconsiderable as it was, the people considered as violative of the right to tax themselves, and they therefore resisted it with such entire unanimity that when the act for shutting up the harbor of Boston was made known to them they resolved, that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all," and proceeded to make liberal contributions of money and especially of beeves, which were immediately sent forward for the relief of the sufferers around Massachusetts bay.

In the meantime the organization of a Continental Congress was suggested. This was to be effected through the agency of the Congresses of the several colonies. That for North Carolina met at New Berne, August 25, 1774.—This was independent of and contrary to the authority of the existing Colonial Government, but Mecklenburg was represented in it. Benjamin Patton was the delegate, and it is tradition that he went the entire distance on foot paying his own expenses. In the preamble and resolutions adopted at New Berne, the Congress declares their regard to the British constitution, and their allegiance to the House of Hanover, but that allegiance from them should meet with the protection of government, that no person should be taxed without his consent, freely given by himself or his representative, &c., &c.

In support of these principles, the New Berne Congress appointed for Salisbury District, which then embraced Mecklenburg county, Thomas Wade, Colonel; Adlai Osborne, Lieut. Colonel; and Joseph Harden, Major. As committee of safety for the same District, Griffith Rutherford, John Brevard, John Crawford, Hezekiah Alexander, James Auld, Benjamin Patton, William Hill, John Hamilton, Charles Galloway, William Dent, Robert Ewart and Maxwell Chambers; and for officers of the 2nd, Battalion, Thomas Polk, Colonel; Adam Alexander, Lieutenant Colonel; and Charles McLean, Major. For the Council of Safety for the State in the same District, Hezekiah Alexander, and Wm. Sharpe. Of the committee on the Bill of Rights and the Constitution of the State, the members from Mecklenburg were Messrs. Alexander, Rutherford, Sharpe, Avery, Irwin and Hill.

All this had transpired in North Carolina before the battle had been fought at Lexington. That occurrence not only stimulated resistance to arbitrary power, but precipitated a severance from the British government. Hooper had said that "the colonies were fast sliding into independence," and Mecklenburg county was the first to sustain the declaration. In that county a convention was called, which met on the 19th of May, 1775, at Charlotte. Abraham Alexander was chosen chairman, and John McKnitt Alexander secretary. The second resolution is as follows: "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection, contract or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington."

"III. Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and

our most sacred honor." For the sake of brevity the other resolutions and proceedings are not here given.

ABRAHAM ALEXANDER,
Chairman.
John McKnitt Alexander,
Secretary.

A list of the delegates is here copied from Wheeler.

Ephraim Brevard, Hezekiah J. Balch, John Phifer, James Harris, Wm. Kennon, John Ford, Richard Barry, Henry Downe, Ezra Alexander, William Graham, John Queary, Hezekiah Alexander, Adam Alexander, Zaccheus Wilson, Waightstill Avery, Benjamin Patton, Mathew McClure, Neill Morrison, Robert Irwin, John Flannigan, David Russ, John Davidson, R. Harris, Thomas Polk.

Doctor Ephraim Brevard is the reputed author of the Mecklenburg resolutions.

Referring to the illustrious members of the Charlotte Convention, Wheeler says: "These men have long since gone to their final account; but their names, characters and services should be held ever in grateful remembrance by their countrymen. North Carolina is proud of their names, for with them is associated the most unsullied patriotism, uncalculating resistance to oppression, and chivalric daring."

At the next meeting of the Provincial Congress, which took place at Hillsborough, August 21, 1775, there were present, as delegates from Mecklenburg, Thomas Polk, John Phifer, Waightstill Avery, Samuel Martin, Jas. Houston and John McKnitt Alexander. The Royal Governor had fled from his palace at New Berne and taken refuge on board his Majesty's ship Cruzer, in Cape Fear river, from which he issued his harmless missiles, in the form of a proclamation, to intimidate the patriot freemen of North Carolina, specifying the delegates of the Charlotte Con-Convention, whose "resolves surpass all the horid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirits of the Continent have yet produced." The Provincial Assembly having been prorogued by the Governor, no vestige of royal government was left, and a Whig Congress had assumed the control of North Carolina.

April 4th, 1776, the Whig Congress assembled at Halifax. The following extract from its journal shows that the first legislative recommendation of a Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, originated likewise in North Carolina. It is worthy of remark, that John McKnitt Alexander, the Secretary of the Mecklenburg Convention, Thomas Polk, Waightstill Avery, John Phifer, and Robert Irwin, who were conspicuous actors in the proceedings in Mecklenburg, were active and influential members of the Halifax Congress from that county. "Resolved that the delegates from this colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence, and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony, the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony," &c., &c. This resolution was subsequently presented to Congress, May 27th, 1776, nearly six weeks before the National Declaration of July 4, was made.

Nor were the young ladies less determined than the men of Mecklenburg in the resistance of arbitrary power. Early in the year 1776, "the young ladies of the best families of Mecklenburg county, N. C., entered into a voluntary association that they would not receive the addresses of any young gentleman of that place, except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovalite insurgents. The ladies being of the opinion that such persons as

stay loitering at home when the important calls of the country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment and that brave manly spirit which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex." *

Such Spartan-like and noble devotion to the rights of the country commands our highest admiration and our grateful recollections.—With such advocates it cannot be strange that American Independence was achieved.

The military officers appointed in 1775, for Mecklenburg county, were Adam Alexander, Colonel; John Phifer, Lieut. Colonel; John Davidson, Major; Geo. H. Alexander, 2d Major.

The Provincial Congress held its next session also at Halifax. It met Nov. 12th, 1776. To this body was assigned the duty of forming a Constitution of the *State* of North Carolina. The members from Mecklenburg were John Phifer, Robert Irwin, Zaccheus Wilson, Hezekiah Alexander, and Waightstill Avery.

"A rapid detail has thus been given of the action and sentiments of Mecklenburg county in the cause of liberty and freedom, and in the Declaration of Independence. It is no ordinary achievement thus to have laid the foundation of free and independent government. Every review of these illustrious events increases our admiration of that enlightened love of freedom, that noble spirit of independence, and that self-sacrificing and lofty patriotism which glowed in the bosoms, animated the councils and nerved the hearts of those who, for the inestimable privileges we enjoy, pledged their mutual co-operation, their lives, fortunes, and most sacred honors." †

But the efforts of Mecklenburg for the welfare of the country were not confined to its political, civil and military condition. Simultaneously with what had been done in this behalf, a like activity and zeal were early manifested in laying, broad and deep, the foundations for learning and religion.—The seven churches (not of Asia) of Mecklenburg were organized contemporaneously with the permanent settlement of the country. Centre, Hopewell, Poplar Tent, Rocky-river, Sugar Creek, Providence, and Steel Creek congregations were the first religious organizations. The pastor and the church were always associated with the teacher and the schoolhouse. In most, perhaps all, of these congregations, the minister opened a classical school, over which he presided. These schools have since been called log-colleges. They have exerted a potent instrumentality in the education of the great men of North Carolina, and especially of its christian ministers. Among these earlier passors and teachers may be mentioned Thompson Houston, McRee, M'Corkle, Craighead, Hunter and McWhorter, Caldwell, Wallace and McCaule. Queen's Museum, at Charlotte, has already been mentioned. In 1770, its charter was obtained from the Provincial Assembly, but repealed by the King. It flourished, however, without the royal sanction. In 1777 it was incorporated by the General Assembly of the State, but under another name, Liberty Hall. The trustees were, Isaac Alexander, M. D., Pres't.; Thomas Polk, Abraham Alexander, Waightstill Avery, Ephraim Brevard, M. D., John Simpson, Adlai Osborne, John McKnitt Alexander, Rev. David Caldwell, Jas. Edmonds, Thomas Reese, Samuel E. M'Corkle, Thos. H. McCaule, and James Hall. The six last named were presbyterian clergymen—excellent scholars—and the

* South Carolina & American Gazette of February, 1776.

† Ramsey's Hist. Tenn., p. 133, et seq.

whole board zealous patrons of learning. Liberty Hall was erected on the beautiful lot corner of Tryon and Third streets, since owned by W. Julius Alexander, Esq., and is one of the historical places in Charlotte, not less as the earliest seat of learning and the muses, than as the head quarters, in 1780, of Lord Cornwallis and the cemetery of his dead. Minerva and Mars has each had there a temple and worshippers.

At subsequent periods Rev. Jno. Robinson, D. D., Rev. S. C. Caldwell, and Rev. James Wallis has each had his log-college at Poplar Tent, Sugar Creek, and Providence. Their Alumni have occupied with eclat and distinction the bar, the forum, the bench, the hustings, the clinique, and the pulpit of the surrounding country and of the far West everywhere.

But it is the pride of Mecklenburg, not only to have taken the novitiate in self-government and independence, but it is her glory, that her heroism, her valor, and her chivalry, have never been wanting in the hour of danger and battle. A volume could be written upon her martial achievments, in the war of the Revolution, in the war of 1812, in that with Mexico and in that most gigantic effort for the "lost cause." Of the former of these a brief mention only can here be made.

Her interior position gave to Mecklenburg, for the first few years of the Revolutionary struggle, an immunity from invasion. Still some of her sons participated in the heroic repulse of Sir Peter Parker in the harbor of Charleston, and in 1776 many of them went under Gen. Rutherford, a long and arduous campaign against the Middle Towns of the Cherokees, now the allies of England.

The butchery of Buford's force by Tarleton at Waxhaw, took place May 29th, 1780. To obstruct his further advance towards Charlotte, General Rutherford ordered out the militia en masse.—On the 3d June 900 patriotic men had assembled at Charlotte, and were harrangued by Rev. Dr. McWhorter, President of the College. Tarleton retrograded to Camden. The whig forces were then ordered to rendezvous at McRae's plantation, 18 miles north east of Charlotte, with the view of co-operating in the reduction of a body of tories, 1300 strong, under Colonel Moore, near the present Lincolnton. On the 20th, after a desperate conflict, the tories were dispersed. The loss on each side was nearly equal.

But the capitulation at Charleston led soon to the invasion and occupying of most of South Carolina, by the British army, which had advanced rapidly to Camden in that State. There the laurels won by the hero of Saratoga were withered, and Gen. Gates' whole army was captured, or destroyed. The surrender of Charleston and the disastrous defeat at Camden, left South Carolina an easy prey to the advancing British forces. On the 6th August, 1780, in the battle of the Hanging Rock, the centre, consisting entirely of Mecklenburg militia, was commanded by Col. Irwin, and contributed essentially in the achievement of the victory.

But notwithstanding this success, the aspect of the American cause was otherwise very discouraging. Gates had retreated with the fragments of his broken army, and left Mecklenburg exposed to the enemy, flushed, and exultant, by their recent successes. General Rutherford had been taken with many of his men prisoners, near Camden, and his successor in command had assigned to Col. Davie the defence of North Carolina against the approach of Cornwallis, who on the 8th of September, had reached Waxhaw, forty miles from Charlotte. Against this whole force of the British army, Davie's small command, with two

small companies of riflemen, under Major George Davidson, took post at Providence, and with this force annoyed the advance of Cornwallis, and for a short period this was the only armed body of resistance in the whole South, on which the eye of the patriot could rest. With the view of recruiting, and re-organizing the shattered battalions of Gates, whose head quarters were now at Hillsboro, Generals Sumner and Davidson had fallen back by Phifer's in the direction of Salisbury, ordering Col. Davie, with about one hundred and fifty men and some volunteers, under Major Joseph Graham, to hover around the advancing foe, annoy his foraging parties and skirmish with his light troops. In obedience to these orders, on the night of the 25th of September, 1780, Col. Davie entered Charlotte, the British army being but a few miles behind him. The town then consisted of about forty houses, the two main streets crossing at right angles, the court house in the centre. The left of the town was an open common, the right was covered with underwood. Davie determined next morning to give the enemy a warm reception.—He dismounted one of his companies and stationed them under the court house the upper part of which was occupied as a court room, the under part as a market house. The other companies were posted behind the garden fences on either side of the street by which the British advanced. Tarleton's Legion led the advance, the main body following. When within about sixty yards of the court house a sharp fire was opened by the Americans, which caused the enemy to recoil. Lord Cornwallis, vexed to see his whole army thus checked, rode up in person, and said, "Legion! remember, you have everything to lose but nothing to gain." Thus taunted, they returned, reinforced, to the charge, and Colonel Davie ordered a retreat. The pursuit lasted for some time and for several miles, in which Colonel Locke, of Rowan, was killed, and Major Joseph Graham severely wounded, and about thirty others killed wounded and prisoners.

The King's troops did not come out of the skirmish unhurt. Maj. Hanger, Captains Campbell and McDonald wounded, and twelve non-commissioned officers and men killed and wounded.

To Major Graham had been assigned the command of these troops which sustained the retreat of Colonel Davie, and he, with his gallant volunteers, opposed Tarleton's Legion and a regiment of infantry for four miles up the Salisbury road. After a heavy and well directed fire upon the British from the court house to the Gum Tree, Graham's forces were compelled to retreat, but formed again on the plantation afterwards owned by McConnaughey, and again attacked the advancing column of infantry.—Forced to fall back further, he again formed his men on the hill, above where Sugar Creek Church now stands. Here the skirmish was renewed, and kept up with such obstinacy, as to give time to a party of British dragoons who came up the road, leading from Captain Kennedy's, to engage and after a pursuit of two miles to overtake them. Here Locke was killed, on the edge of a small pond, still to be seen near the end of Kennedy's lane. Between that point and the house, since occupied by J. A. Houston, Major Graham was cut down, and severely wounded. He received four deep gashes of the sabre over his head, and one in his side, and three balls were afterwards removed from his body. His recovery, under the circumstances, was remarkable. Wheeler, from whom many of these details are copied, thus closes his account of this spirited affair in and near

Charlotte. "Thus at the age of twenty one years, we see this gallant officer leading a band of as brave men as ever faced a foe, to guard the ground first consecrated by the Declaration of American Independence, and when the foot of tyranny was treading it, and resistance proved unsuccessful, leaving his blood as the best memorial of a righteous cause, and of true heroism in its defence."

Lord Cornwallis, abandoning for the present, a further progress, established his head quarters in Charlotte. The army bivouacked on the field, near the house since occupied by Doctor Dunlap. The immediate head quarters of his Lordship were at the corner of Tryon and Third streets.

During his stay in the village, the daring spirit of the whigs of Mecklenburg held him in continued apprehension. A single instance of defection on the part of the delegates to the Convention of May 20, 1775, occurred. That was Duncan Ocheltree, a Scotch merchant living in Charlotte. In an evil hour the *auri sacra fames* seduced him from his allegiance, his duty and his honor. Rich, and a shrewd trader, as a condition of preserving his property he accepte the position of quarter master in the British service. He sent message after message to his old customers in the country to bring in supplies for the army, promising to pay for them in English sovreigns. No one was so unpatriotic, so corrupt, so venal as to accept his insulting bribe. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* was the proud sentiment of every farmer in the country. All supplies were withheld. He sent out foraging parties to procure them. The bugles of the dragoons were only timely signals for the application of the torch to the well stored barns and granaries of the true patriots of Mecklenburg. "Cato," said McKnitt Alexander to his trusty slave and foreman, "Cato, as soon as you see the red coats enter our lane, run quick and set fire to the stack yard and barn, and escape to the woods. Duncan Ocheltree shall not have one bundle of my fodder." And in loyalty to his master, and to genuine freedom, Cato and Ruth did burn to ashes the whole results of a year's agricultural labor. Ocheltree's foraging parties were daily sent out several miles around Charlotte, but without success. They were often way-laid and fired upon by the whig ridemen and pursued to their lines in town, and the place is yet pointed out, in the pine underwood near the first toll house, where black Bill Alexander often crept up and with his unerring rifle shot down the British sentinels. Quite a skirmish of this sort occurred at Goforth's on the old road above the present residence of Doctor J. McKnitt Henderson.—Another one at Polk's mill south of Charlotte, where the bullet marks are still to be seen. A still more serious one occurred on McIntire's Branch which is worthy of a more extended notice. This place is on the road to Beattie's Ford, and about seven miles from Charlotte. Cornwallis' supplies were nearly exhausted, and the provisions near town had been nearly all burned or otherwise destroyed. Ocheltree advised that an armed force should be sent up to the rich plantations on the Catawba river, then owned, as at present, by the Davidson family. The party was about four hundred men acting as a convoy for a long train of wagons. The whigs hastily embodied under Major George Graham to annoy, if not to repulse them. Graham allowed the enemy to advance unmolested until they should reach the narrow and rather intricate road near the branch. Placing some of his men on each side of the road, then a woodland, he boldly presented himself with twelve brave sol-

diers on the top of a small hill and delivered a deliberate volley upon the advance of the dragoons, in front. A lateral fire was simultaneously made by the men in the woods, along both sides of the road. The advance was repulsed by Graham and his spartans.—The British dragoons fell back upon the wagon trains—a scene of utter confusion took place amongst the teamsters, the soldiers, and the attaches of the command—the road was too narrow to admit the turning of the wagons—the drivers, in the panic which ensued, disengaged the horses from their harness, and the whole party made a dastardly, and rapid retreat to Charlotte.—The results of this ambuscade were, that thirty two of the enemy were killed—many wounded, and with a very inconsiderable loss on the part of the whigs. Similar skirmishes occurred all over Mecklenburg, and it is not strange therefore that in a letter to Col. Balfour of the British army, Lord Cornwallis should write, "Charlotte is an agreeable village, but in a d——d rebellious county," nor that he should in another place designate it as *a hornet's nest*—nor that Tarleton should testify, that "the spirit of the people was such, that no force could overawe and subdue their rebel temper," nor that their retreating squadrons on their return from their foraging enterprises, should say as they said to poor Ocheltree after the affair at McIntire's, "that every bush on the road concealed a rebel." This signal repulse took place on the 4th of October, 1780. His Lordship had now been nine days in his head quarters at Charlotte, where we shall for the nonce leave him, to contemplate briefly another enterprise at a not very distant point, which was to result in his sudden and almost unexpected evacuation of Charlotte, and his abandonment of Mecklenburg, and of North Carolina.

"At this period (Oct. 1780,) a deep gloom hung over the cause of American Independence, and the confidence of its most steadfast friends was shaken. The reduction of Savannah, the capitulation of Charleston, and the loss of the entire army of Gen. Lincoln, had depressed the hopes of the patriot whigs, and the subsequent career of British conquest and subjugation of Georgia and South Carolina, excited serious apprehension and alarm for the eventual success of the American cause."

* * "At Waxhaws the command of Buford had been defeated, and his men butchered by the sabres of Tarleton. At Camden a second Southern army was dispersed, captured, and signally defeated by Cornwallis. But besides these disasters, there were other circumstances that aggravated the discouraging condition of American affairs. The finances of Congress were low; the paper currency had failed; its depreciation was sinking every where, sinking with a rapid proclivity still lower; the treasuries of the States were exhausted, and their credit lost; a general distress pervaded the country; subsistence and clothing for the famishing and ill clad troops, were to be procured only by impressment, and the inability of the government, from the want of means, was openly admitted. British posts were established, and garrisons kept up at numerous points, in the very heart of the country, and detachments from the main army were with profane impudence, rioting through the land, in an uninterrupted career of outrage, aggression and conquest. Under the protection of these, the loyalists were encouraged to rise against their whig countrymen, to depredate upon their property, insult their families, seek their lives and drive them into exile upon the Western waters.*

*Ramsey's Tennessee, page 221.

At the head of one of these detachments Cornwallis had previously to the invasion of North Carolina, sent Col. Ferguson, one of his most capable officers, with the view of rallying to his standard the loyalists of South Carolina and the adjoining counties of North Carolina, and with the further purpose of repressing and subduing the indignant spirits of the whigs. Ferguson took post near Rutherfordton, and there erected the standard of the King, and invited to it such a force as might enable him to co-operate with and support Cornwallis in his further invasion of North Carolina, which that enterprising commander considered as the stepping block to the easy conquest of Virginia.

In the meantime a storm of indignant patriotism had broken out in the trans-montane counties of Carolina—now Tennessee, which soon reached the contiguous part of Virginia. It was at this extreme crisis of the cause of American Independence, that the pioneers of the West, came uninvited to the rescue and defence of the mother state. At this crisis, they "evinced their devotion to the cause of the country and freedom. At this crisis western patriotism, projected the most daring expedition, and western valor achieved the brightest victory which adorns the page of our revolutionary history. Free as the air of their own mountains, and indignant that the land of freemen should be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, the patriots of the west flew to the rescue of their bleeding country—ascending the Alleghany, and precipitating themselves from its summit, they overwhelmed the enemy with discomfiture and death.*

To be more specific it may briefly be added, that the infant Hercules—cradled in the wilderness, upon Watauga and Nollichucky—having passed a period of political orphanage, and struggled through it into a precocious but vigorous manhood, determined to rescue the mother state from the grasp of its invaders. Her volunteer riflemen under the command of Cols. Sevier, Shelby, McDowell and Campbell, assembled at their camp on Watauga, September 25, 1780, crossed the mountain—were then joined by troops under Cleveland, Winston, Hambright, Chronicle, and Williams—and followed rapidly in pursuit of Ferguson, who had fallen back and taken post on King's mountain. Nine hundred men only went into the fight. Of these twenty eight were killed and sixty wounded. The battle was begun at 3 o'clock p. m., of the 7th October, and lasted about an hour. The brave commander Ferguson was killed after a desperate conflict in which he manifested both skill and courage. He lost 225 killed, 180 wounded, 700 prisoners, 1500 stand of arms, besides many horses and wagons loaded with supplies. The victory was complete. Not one of the enemy escaped. Occupying the crest of the mountain, the volunteers surrounded them from the commencement of the assault and and no one could escape. "This expedition against Ferguson was chivalric in the extreme. It was undertaken against a distinguished, and a skillful leader, at the head of a large force, which could easily have been doubled." "The expedition was also eminently patriotic. When it was projected, disaster and defeat had shrouded the South with an impenetrable cloud of despondence and gloom. Ruined expectation and blasted hopes, hung like a pall, over the paralyzed energies of the friends of America. The expedition was moreover entirely successful. The first object of it, Ferguson, was killed, and his whole army either captured or de-

*Ramsey's Tennessee, page 3.

stroyed. This gave new spirit to the desponding Americans, and frustrated the well concerted scheme of strengthening the British army by the tories in the neighborhood.

The whole enterprise, reflects the highest honor upon the patriotism that conceived and the courage that executed it. Nothing can surpass the skill and gallantry of the officers, nothing the valor of the men who achieved the victory."*

But, to follow this necessary digression no further, we return again to Mecklenburg and Cornwallis. So complete and overwhelming had been the victory of the mountain men over Ferguson and the loyalists, that no intelligence of the disaster at King's Mountain, reached Charlotte till the 10th of October, three days after the fight. His Lordship had sent his emissaries in advance, to inform the tories further in the interior of the State, that they must not rise until Ferguson, and the large reinforcements under him, should have effected a junction with the main army at Salisbury, which was contemplated soon. But the disaster of the 7th, at King's Mountain, disconcerted all his schemes. "Rumor had magnified the number of the western riflemen, and connected their return with their prisoners, into a march upon himself, with a force three thousand strong. Abandoning for the present, his progress northward, he ordered an immediate retreat from Charlotte, marched all night in the utmost confusion, crossed the Catawba, and retrograded as far as Winnsboro, eighty or a hundred miles in his rear, nor did he attempt to advance until reinforced by General Leslie, several months after, with three thousand men, from the Chesapeake." "In the meantime the whigs under General W. L. Davidson, and Colonel W. R. Davie assembled in some force at New Providence and the Waxhaw.* The cloud that had, till the defeat of Ferguson, hung over the whole South and enveloped the country in gloom, was dispelled, and from that moment the American cause began to wear a more promising aspect."†

As the name of Ocheltree belongs to the reminiscenses of Mecklenburg, it is introduced here for the last time.

It is tradition that on the evening when Cornwallis was making preparation for his hurried evacuation of Charlotte, his quarter master suddenly, again became uneasy about his property. How could he best propitiate his old whig neighbors and save it? was now his greatest care. At dark he mounted his horse—gave the sentinels the counter-sign and rode rapidly to his once friend, and quandam colleague McKnitt Alexander, nine miles in the country. Arrived at the door he was refused admittance by Mrs. A., who also declined to tell where her husband and son were. He pledged the honor of a British officer that his intentions were patriotic, and reached his sword through the window, as a guaranty of his truth. Mrs. A. knew him before as a merchant, and recognizing his voice agreed to send a message to her husband who was then two or three miles off in Maj. Sharpe's camp. The message was entrusted to their eldest daughter Peggy, a little girl 13 years old, who was accompanied by her faithful maid, Venus, to the camp of the whigs. The message was delivered and after speaking a word to Major Sharpe, Mr. A. quietly withdrew and returned to his house bringing the daughter and the servant with him. On his arrival at his house, Ocheltree told him that the

*Ramsey's Tennessee, pp. 245-6.

*Ramsey's Tennessee, page 243.

†Ramsey's Tennessee, page 243.

British army would evacuate Charlotte that night, that he threw himself for the protection of himself and his property, upon the generosity of Mr. A., and asked his advice and assistance in this critical dilemma. The reply was such as might be expected from John McKnitt Alexander. "Ochiltree! if I had met you any where else I would have killed you, under the circumstances as far as I am concerned your life is safe.—But neither your life nor property is safe in Mecklenburg. The whigs will take both. Your personal safety can be secured only by instant flight. I advise you to get to the Yadkin before daylight." That was the last seen of Ochiltree. It was reported that he reached Wilmington safely and afterwards escaped to East Florida. But the information given by him to Mr. A., was every way opportune and valuable. On his return to Sharpe's camp, he found that officer on the point of leaving it for the pursuit of Lord Cornwallis. At day break he overtook his baggage wagons inextricably mixed in the Sugar Creek swamps and captured a rich booty, besides the guard.

Thus, after an occupancy of fourteen days by the enemy, Charlotte ceased to be a British garrison. The hornets of Mecklenburg had driven the last red coat from their nest, never thereafter to be molested by a *foreign* foe.

General Gates was superseded in the command of the Southern army by General Greene, who on the 3d December, 1780, established his head quarters at Charlotte, and took measures to oppose Cornwallis' further march northward. From this point he detached Gen. Morgan against Tarleton, whom he defeated so signally at the Cowpens on the 17th of January, 1781. To recover the loss and recapture the prisoners Morgan had taken, Cornwallis gave immediate pursuit with the whole British Army. On this campaign His Lordship chose to avoid Charlotte, and leaving the hornet's nest to his right, to cross the Catawba river at Cowan's ford 18 miles above Charlotte. General Greene detached General W. L. Davidson to guard this ford, and to resist the passage there of the British army. Greene himself with most of the American forces had joined Morgan at another crossing place, several miles higher up the river.—General Davidson had thus but three hundred men, with which to impede the advance of the enemy. On the first of February, at day break, the army of Cornwallis entered the river at Cowan's. The morning was dark and rainy. The light infantry under Colonel Hall, entered first, followed by the grenadiers and the battalions.—The picket of General Davidson challenged the enemy; receiving no reply, the guard fired. This turned out the whole force of Davidson, who kept up a galling fire from the bank. The guide of the British, alarmed at the firing, turned about and left them. This caused an unexpected diversion of the enemy from the expected landing of the ford, and Colonel Hall led them directly across.—He was killed as he ascended the bank. Lord Cornwallis' horse was shot in the river, and fell as he reached the shore. Three British were killed, and thirty six wounded. General Davidson in riding from the point where he expected the enemy, to the point where they landed, was shot—the ball passing through his heart, and he fell dead from his horse. As he fell by a rifle ball (the British only using muskets) it is supposed he fell by the hand of some tory. Withered be the hand and forever cursed, that did this deed! Thus fell in the prime of life, and at a moment of usefulness, this noble and patriotic soldier. Worthily is his name bestowed on one of the most fertile

counties of our State; and a seat of learning near the scene of his death perpetuates his fame to the "last syllable of recorded time." The descendants of General Davidson still live among us. The spirit of patriotism, the heroic example, illustrious services, and chivalric death of their distinguished ancestor, are left as a rich legacy to their issue.* Davidson's body was found that night and buried in the grave yard at Hopewell Church.

In the engagement at the ford, the company commanded by Captain Joseph Graham, was the first to fire on the British as they advanced through the river. Graham's fire was resolutely continued until the enemy reached the bank, reloaded their muskets and commenced a heavy fire upon his men, two of whom were killed. Wm. Polk and Rev. McCall were also in the fight, and were near to Gen. Davidson when he fell.

During their march on the 1st. the enemy burned the dwelling house of Mr. John Brevard, and insulted the ladies of the neighborhood.

In all civilized nations, the wanton and unnecessary destruction of private property, and insult or injury to non-combatants, have been everywhere and by common consent condemned, as violations of the usages and laws of honorable warfare. These offences are as distasteful as they are cruel and cowardly, and are always repudiated by the chivalric and the brave. Yet such acts had been perpetrated frequently by Tarleton, or the loyalists in his camp, on the invasion of this country by Cornwallis. It is but justice to the memory of that honorable commander, and high toned gentleman, to say that such outrages received his censure and stern rebuke, and he issued the following order:

"HEAD QUARTERS, Cross Roads to Salisbury, 1st February, 1781.

Lord Cornwallis is highly displeased that several houses were set on fire during the march, this day—*a disgrace to the army.* He will punish with the utmost severity, any person or persons, who shall be found guilty of committing so disgraceful an outrage. His Lordship requests the commanding officers of corps to find out the persons who set fire to the houses this day."

The militia of North Carolina, after the fall of Davidson, were placed under the command Gen. Pickens, of S. C., and continued to pursue the British. At Torrence's there was a short but spirited resistance. Graham, with his Mecklenburg company, was in the celebrated fight with Colonel Pyles at the head of 350 tories. At a later period Graham, as Major, commanded a troop of cavalry raised in Mecklenburg, consisting of ninety six dragoons and forty mounted infantry. With this gallant band he met and defeated, near McFall's Mills, six hundred tories. The last service this youthful commander rendered in the American Revolution, was in defeating the celebrated tory, Colonel Gayny, near Wacamaw Lake, a little before the close of the war.

Cornwallis having abandoned North Carolina, Greene made his celebrated campaign into South Carolina. Before he crossed the line he gave Mecklenburg the compliment of naming his camp for one of her patriot sons, *Camp McKnitt Alexander.* An early emigrant to the State, a Colonial surveyor, and an active business man in every thing relating to the public welfare, he was selected by Greene, though beyond the military age, for much of his secret and confidential services in all his campaigns, and especially in his celebrated and masterly retreat before Cornwallis. His familiarity

*Wheeler's History of N. C.

with the topography of the country—its roads—its ferries—its fords—his acquaintance with all its officers, and his thorough knowledge of the spirit and temper of its citizens, whether whig or tory, and his well known zeal in the cause, qualified him peculiarly as pilot and guide—financier or express, general adviser, and often one of his aides. In all these capacities Greene made him useful to the service, and for nearly a year kept him near his person.

In South Carolina the army of Greene, was often reinforced by Mecklenburg whigs. At the second battle of Camden, at Cheraw, and at Ninety Six, the county was represented, and in the decisive victory at Eutaw, Colonel William Polk, of Charlotte, bore a conspicuous part, and by his gallantry and his wounds reflected a high honor upon the place of his nativity. Like his youthful comrade, Graham, he too had been present at Charlotte, on the 20th of May, 1775, and there had doubtless, with the enthusiastic shouts of the by-standers, endorsed the first Declaration of Independence, and pledged their "mutual co-operation, lives, fortune, and sacred honor in its support." The pledge was nobly redeemed, and the Independence of the thirteen American Colonies was acknowledged.

Mecklenburg is proud that in her brilliant history every profession and every rank was well represented. Dr. Charles Harris, exchanging the gown for the sword, joined the corps of cavalry under Colonel Davie, and followed that active officer in his daring career. After the war he was unrivaled both as physician and surgeon, had a medical school, and educated nearly one hundred young physicians.

A citizen of Mecklenburg filled the Executive Chair from 1805 to 1807, viz: Nathaniel Alexander; and at the same period, another of her sons, Hon. Samuel Lowrie, sat upon the bench of her Superior Court. At a very early period, 1777, Waightstill Avery was the Attorney General for the State.

Mecklenburg sent to Tennessee the ancestor of Hon. David Crockett—the self-made Legislator and Congressman and the martyred hero of the Alamo.

This rapid and imperfect survey of the agency of Mecklenburg in the great struggle for freedom, will scarcely allow any reference to the civil and political events which have illustrated and adorned her subseqnent history, nor her participation in the war of 1812—the war with Mexico—or the more recent one for the Independence of the Southern States.

In all of her *past*, Mecklenburg is easily found with the freest of the free and with the bravest of the brave. Emigrants from her midst, and her descendants everywhere, have carried with them, to Tennessee and the South West, her loyalty to law and order, her spirit, her principles and her wise institutions of learning and religion. One of her sons has been Governor of Alabama. Two of them have occupied a similar position in Tennessee. According to her ancient southern boundary, Waxhaw was within the Mecklenburg line, and of course embraced the birth place of Andrew Jackson—the man of iron will—the hero of New Orleans, and the first President of the United States elected from the West. A similar honor she bears in the paternity of James Knox Polk—the second President of the United States from the West, and whose ability and virtue reflect the highest honor, both upon his native and his adopted State.

Tennessee, the daughter of North Carolina, is proud of the Mother State, and in the hour of her greatest distress came with filial piety to her rescue from British invasion and occupancy

in 1780. "*Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare* (*montes*) *currunt.*" Emigrants from North Carolina bore with them the principles they inherited from the parent State, and have every where proved themselves worthy of their ancestry. Tennessee, too, has her Raleigh—her Salem—her Murfreesboro'—her Rutherford—her Nashville—her Davidson—her Concord—her Alexander—her Hopewell, her Charlotte, and her Mecklenburg.

These reminiscences of Mecklenburg might be prolonged further, but it is time to bring them to a close. She received the honor on the 20th of May, 1861, of seeing North Carolina adopt her natal day on which again to exercise the right she so early asserted of self government, in her secession from the United States. It was in Charlotte, that Governor Vance, perhaps the last executive, or orator in the South who did so, uttered his clarion voice in tones of thrilling eloquence, and impressive pathos, in behalf of the expiring Confederacy, and with an earnestness and zeal never surpassed appealed to a Mecklenburg auditory, by the historic ground on which they stood and the sacred memories and associations that clustered around it, to rally to the defence of a now almost hopeless and lost cause. It was in Charlotte, that the exiled family of President Davis found a temporary home.

The following notice of the arrival of President Davis in Charlotte, and his welcome to the City, we extract from a statement published by Col. R. A. Alston:

'Dismounting from his horse, he was met by Col. William Johnston, a prominent citizen of Charlotte, and President of the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, who said: 'Mr. President, in behalf of the citizens of Charlotte, I give you a cordial welcome to the hospitalities of our town.' Mr. Davis, who was dressed in a plain suit of grey, and wore a low crowned hat, nearly covered with crape, bowed low and gracefully, saying as he did so, 'I thank you, sir.' The large crowd, consisting almost entirely of soldiers, with tearful eyes and overflowing hearts, said, with deep earnestness, 'speak to us,' 'let us hear from you.' He turned with his kind, benignant, dignified look, to the crowd, and said:

'My friends, I thank you for this evidence of your affection. If I had come as the bearer of glad tidings—if I had come to announce success at the head of a triumphant army—this is nothing more than I would have expected, but coming, as I do, to tell you of a very great disaster; coming, as I do, to tell you that our national affairs have reached a very low point of depression; coming, I may say, as a refugee from the capital of the country, this demonstration of your love fills me with feelings too deep for utterance. This has been a war of the people for the people, and I have been simply their Executive, and if they desire to continue the struggle, I am still ready and willing to devote myself to their cause. True, General Lee's army has surrendered, but the men are still alive, the cause is not yet dead; and only show by your determination and fortitude that you are willing to suffer yet longer, and we may still hope for success. In reviewing my administration of the past four years, I am conscious of having committed errors, and very grave ones; but in all that I have done, in all that I have tried to do, I can lay my hand upon my heart and appeal to God that I have had but one purpose to serve, but one mission to fulfill, the preservation of the true principles of Constitutional freedom, which are as dear to me to-day as they were four years ago. I have nothing to abate or take back; if they were right then, they are right now, and no misfortune to our arms can change right into wrong. Again I thank you.'

These were the last words of Jefferson Davis to his vanquished and scattered people, and few among that vast audience who will not remember them. God knows they sunk deep into my heart, and I can never feel again what I then felt, when I heard my noble chieftain bid us what I felt was his last adieu. Many of us could no longer restrain our sobs

It was in Charlotte, that the unselfish and virtuous President of the Southern Confederacy called together his scattered Secretaries and held his last Cabinet meeting, and communicated to them the unwelcome intelligence of the surrender of the Confederate Armies. Previous to that surrender no part of Mecklenburg had been touched by a Federal invader—the old hornet's nest was yet intact and game to the last moment, the whole swarm buzzing,

and in angry tones prepared for the conflict. But she could not whip the world—the collapse of the Southern Confederacy had taken place, the congestion and chill was upon her, and Mecklenburg smoothly and almost imperceptibly and gradually, glided with the best grace possible into it. Unwelcome and distasteful as was her fate, she philosophically acquiesced in it. Mecklenburg will always have her warm admirers, sincere eulogists, and grateful historians. To her heroes and patriots and their descendants everywhere, the injunction of Wordsworth is addressed:

"Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your fathers such example gave;
And such revere."

Mucmonika, near Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N. C.

HAVERSACK.

The North Carolina soldiers were a good deal laughed at by other troops for the expression "you-*uns*," and to make it the more absurd, they called themselves "we-*uns*." By some means unknown to the Haversack, it got to be a bantering challenge to the "tar heels," "you-*uns* go ahead and we *uns* will follow." On a certain occasion, quite a diminutive specimen of Dixie land was indulging in this cry, when a big "tar heel" looking down with a comical mixture of pity and annoyance at the roaring pigmy said, "well, you are a *wee-un* sure enough, *wee* enough to need some one to follow after, but I think that you had better be following after your mammy at home."

In the good old times, before bummers became patriots, and gasbags were blown up into heroes, the draught horses for the South were often purchased out of droves from the border or western States. For the saddle, the native Southern horse was preferred, because of his superior activity, endurance, and sureness of foot. In the second year of the war, we heard one of our great cavalry leaders say that his arm of the service had been very much improved in efficiency, by the introduction of horses captured from the enemy. This difference between the Southern born horse and that raised in other States being perfectly understood, when a gentleman wished to buy a horse, his first question always was, "did the horse come out of a drove or was he raised in this country." So much is given in explanation of an anecdote from High Point, N. C. "All aboard for High Point" was a cry often heard on the North Carolina Central before the war, but it was repeated by the soldiers so often during the progress of hostilities that it became a positive nuisance.—High Point is near to Randolph, a very loyal county, which though it sent out some magnificent soldiers to the Confederate Army, yet has been generally true to the North Carolina phase of loyalty, viz, opposition to the war and to the Confederate President in the first place, next opposition to peace and the U. S. President.—It cannot therefore surprise the reader to learn that there were a few men from this section of the country not in the C. S. service. One of these, as innocent

of war as Gens. Butler and Shenck, rode up on a certain occasion, unfortunately for himself, to the depot just as a train of soldiers arrived. He was soon surrounded by a group of "ragged rebels" coolly criticising his person, dress, age, occupation, manner of life, political opinions, &c., &c. A curious soldier kept going round him in that beautiful elliptical curve, which *did* so well at Port Royal, but which *did not* do at all at Sumpter. His curiosity seemed to be more and more excited by each revolution around the young hero; at length unable to control himself, he cried out, "Mister woz you raised about here or did you come out of a drove?"

Our next comes from Savannah, Georgia.

MR. EDITOR: Being much interested by incidents of the war related in your Magazine, I have concluded to drop you the following, which you can publish if it is deemed worthy:

After the battle of Shiloh, and the army had fallen back to Tupelo, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio rail road and was then quietly being re-organized preparatory to being transferred to Chattanooga for the campaign into Kentucky, there was an order issued from Richmond that all appointed medical officers were to be examined by a Board, as to their qualifications. Dr. Yandell was President of this Board at Tupelo—and one must know Dr. Y., well to appreciate fully the following occurrence.—The writer was ordered to report, as surgeon of the 39th Alabama—the appointed surgeon refusing to go before the Board, and therefore throwing up his position—and the appointed assistant surgeon was ordered to appear before the Board. He was naturally a quick tempered young man—though one of good stern qualities both of head and heart. The President of the Board took pleasure in touching the young man's testy temper, which he well knew was already worked into great excitement by the dread of being rejected; and he perplexed him as much as possible. The young man was soon thrown into such a state of confusion that he could scarcely appreciate the full meaning of the questions propounded. His feeling seemed to be a mixture of rage and diffidence, when the President asked him "what he would do for a man that he found on the field shot through the knee joint?" The young man said there were a great many things he would do for such a case, but that he thought the question a very broad one. Dr. Y—— again asked "but what would you do *mainly*," evidently trying to make him say that he would amputate at once. The applicant by this time was in such a state as not to understand a much more pointed question, and remained perfectly silent. Dr. Y—— thought he would take him on another tack, and said, "Now, Sir, what would you do for me, if you found me on the field shot right through there"—holding up his own leg and pointing to each side of the knee-joint. The applicant hesitated for a moment, and then his countenance brightening a little, with the light of the spirit of revenge, and recklessness of the consequences, he spoke out slowly but vindictively through his teeth, "Well sir, if it was *you* that was shot through there, I *would not do one* d—d thing." The President of the Board was a *little* put out for the moment and told the young applicant he could go; but he went "*by the Board.*" J. G. T.

The soldiers had not the kindest feeling in the world towards the commissariat, the general management of which was a stupendous marvel of inefficiency. Zealous, competent and faithful offi-

cers there were, and for these the most friendly regard was entertained. But the commissary who thought more of his own personal comfort than of the rations of his troops, was sure to be reminded of his delinquency in a rather unpleasant manner. A Tennessee correspondent tells of a gentle reminder, one of this class received on the Kentucky campaign. In a country abounding in the finest mutton in the world, the soldiers of a certain regiment thought that their A. C. S. manifested undue skill in finding tough old ewes and venerable bell-wethers, they accordingly greeted him every time he appeared with a "ba-a, ba-a," as though all the sheep in Kentucky had begun an universal concert of bleating. After being entertained with this music for several days and serenaded with it for several consecutive nights, the A. C. S. suddenly disappeared.—Many were the tender inquiries for him, was he sick? had he got a transfer to another department? had he deserted to the enemy? No one knew where he had gone, but all knew that his prancing steed and fine equipments were no longer to be seen. At length the very regiment was drawn out in line, to fight the battle of Munfordsville. Men are usually grave under such circumstances, jokes are generally suspended, the most jeered at and worst persecuted martyr of the wags in grey may venture at such a time to hope for a little respite. The lost A. C. S. suddenly turned up. He was seen slowly riding along, his countenance showing a due appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion, and of the important part he was expected to play in the great drama about to be enacted. In the tremendous issues before him, he seems to have forgotten the Kentucky sheep, bell-wethers and all. But not so oblivious were the boys. A gentle lamb-like "ba-a," soft as an Æolean harp broke upon the solemn stillness. Then one of the slaughtered ewes seemed to have come to life and answered the lamb-kin's cry with a tender "ba-a!" The patriarch of the flock next bleated out a protecting "ba-a." The whole flock took up the chorus and "ba-a!" "ba-a!" "ba-a!" came from a thousand quarters! Such was the opening prelude to the battle of Munfordsville! Has the history of war another like it? Queer fellows were those in the C. S. ranks. If they failed in the great cause for which they fought, their gallantry in battle and cheerfulness under privation entitle them to the respect and admiration of their conquerors. Any one of them in his rags, faithful to his colors to the last, is worth a million of the latter-day-saints converted to the true faith by the battle of Gettysburg. All noble minds honor the sacrifice of fidelity as much as they despise the selfishness of vacillation.

From a well-known cavalry officer, we get the next incident.

The day after the great battle of Spottsylvania C. H., General Lee was standing near his lines, conversing with two of his officers, one of whom was known to be not only a hard fighter and a hard swearer, but a cordial hater of the yankees. After a silence of some moments, the latter officer, looking at the yankees with a dark scowl on his face, exclaimed most emphatically, "I wish they were all dead." General Lee, with the grace and manner peculiar to himself, replied, "how can you say so, General. Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their own business, leaving us to do the same." He then moved off, when the first speaker waiting until he was out of earshot, turned to his companion and in the most earnest tone said, "I would not say so before General Lee, but I wish

they were all dead *and in hell!*" When this "amendment" to the wish was afterwards repeated to General Lee, in spite of his goodness, he could not refrain from laughing heartily at the speech, which was so characteristic of one of his favorite officers. W. H.

Oxford, North Carolina, furnishes the next incident. Our friend G. is mistaken, however, in one particular. The six heroes alluded to in our September number, all exhibited their unselfishness at Petersburg.

In the September number of *The Land we Love* there appeared an article under the heading "SIX HEROES," which stated that during the war, there were six persons who threw shells over the rampart to prevent explosion amongst the men, and asks will some one furnish us their names? It is with high pride and sincere gratification that, as a friend and comrade, I am able to furnish the name of Albert Moses Luria,* as one of these immortal heroes. At Sewell's Point, in the first battle of the war, when men had not become accustomed to the din and roar of artillery, the Columbus City Light Guards were sent to hold the rude fort hastily thrown up at that place. The little garrison which held the fort were bombarded by the enemy's vessels. One of their shots struck an embrasure of the fort, and filled it up with sand so that the Confederate gun could not be worked. Sergeant Luria voluntarily went outside the fort to shovel the sand away. In the mean time the enemy concentrated his fire, and striking one of the logs it tumbled down, almost burying the gallant man in the sand. At this moment his comrades thought him lost; but Luria, rising and recovering himself, he put to his work again and in a short time gave the gun free play and returned inside the fort. Soon after this hazardous enterprize comes the act which is wanted to be recorded. A nine inch shell falling into the fort, he seized it and threw it into a tub of water standing near where it fell. Sergeant Luria was in a short time afterwards elected 2d Lieutenant of company I, 23d N. C. T., though not known to a single man save through the report of the undersigned, his college friend. At the re-organization of the regiment Luria had won the love and respect of all the men. He was begged and entreated to accept promotion, but as persistently refused, saying he wanted *no promotion* except that gained on the battle field. He accepted his old position again. His sparkling intellect, high-souled generosity and bravery, attracted the admiration of all, and won for him friends each day. In command of the skirmishers, a day or two previous to the battle of the Seven Pines, he gained honors for which he was to be promoted. During the battle of Seven Pines, the regiment receiving conflicting orders, became very much disorganized and scattered. Lt. Luria seized the flag, planted it in the ground and commenced to rally the men. The enemy saw the flag and opened a very heavy fire. The men were ordered to lie down. Lieut. Luria remained in a standing position, and was soon struck in the head. He died the next night, and was then just nineteen years of age. He now lies buried on the farm of his father, (Maj. R. J. Moses, Chief Commissary, Longstreet's corps,) near Columbus, Ga. At the head of his grave, on a simple column, may be seen the shell referred to in this sketch, with the following inscription placed upon it by his comrades in arms, and sent to his mother soon after the incidents: "Sergeant Albert Moses Luria. The pride of his comrades, the bravest of the brave."

* At his father's request he adopted the ancestral name of Luria, which was becoming extinct.

We have wished to make our Magazine the organ of the late Confederate Army, and to preserve through its columns, the memory of those glorious deeds, which should never be forgotten. We believe that the soldiers, generally wish to encourage the enterprise and to become our constant readers. But the large majority of the true men of the South came out of the war ruined in fortune; and the urgent necessity of first securing the indispensables of life, has kept some of our best friends from lending us a helping hand.—For the encouragement of this class of persons, we give the annexed letter of one who seems to have had, likewise, his little difficulties in procuring Treasury notes. We give his letter *verbatim et literatim*. The writer is personally known to the editor as one of the best soldiers and truest men in the good, true and gallant "old North State."

August 19, 1866.

MESSRS. HILL & IRWIN:

Gentlemen. I herewith send you $3 50, legal tender, to pay for "The Land we Love" for one year. I have received the June, July and August numbers, and send the fifty cents, to pay for the May No. which never reached me. I want the volume complete to have it bound at the end of the year. I also received the circular note, inquiring whether I subscribed to pay at the beginning of the year, or the end. To tell the plain truth, gentlemen, I subscribed for neither, but to pay when the wheel of fortune should turn the "*legal tender*" up—and for these four long, weary, sultry, summer months, have I been most assiduously in pursuit of the said article. In the pursuit of my profession, (the law,) I had vainly hoped that some unfortunate fellow sinner would need my service to that amount, and that in the "midst of counsel" and ante war notes, I should soon be able to make the desired remittance; but all my hopes were raised to be blasted. My clients always have some ready way of paying me off without calling on the U. S. treasury. Some month or so ago, I thought I was safe, when the fellow turned off on me, for my pay, an old broken buggy, harness and all. These, I should have sent you, but as I am a rebel, the U. S. mail refused to transport such articles on a credit. My next effort was on an administration. I thought that the heir would certainly pay, but sorrows never come single handed, "but in battalions," and this man coolly tendered me a cross-cut saw for my fee. I thought, "Shades of the departed," "The Land we Love" is gone. However it is a long lane that has no end, and a high Hill that can never be surmounted. August court has come at last, and with it my day of rejoicing.—A pale, tallow faced, union-loving, rebel-hating, cow-stealing, sheep-killing, hog-hunting, bacon-eating, flea-bitten, cave-cutting-deserter stalked into my office, and says, "Mister Lawyer, what do ye charge for talking a little for a man what's indicted for something he did 'in them war times?'" I told him, considering it was he, and the times hard, and this was a land we all loved, I would take his case for $5. Says he, "Clare me, and here's your money." Gentlemen, there was talking done to that jury, and here is your money. Your humble servant can be seen turning over the remaining three fifty cent bills, like a child looking at the pictures in Webster's spelling book, and singing, "Hail Columbia, Heaven born band, the land we love is a happy land." Success to your enterprize.

It would be interesting too to learn, who first started the expression "spilin' for a fight."—

Did he ever get into a fight? If so, did he "spile" for a second? It is time that every species of cant and humbug should be exposed.—The affectation of an uncontrollable desire for a battle was not one of the least of the shams at the beginning of the war, which its horrible reality cured or demonstrated to be false. Still under the impression that the war would be brief, there were thousands and tens of thousands sincerely afraid that it would be over before they had an opportunity of feeling "the stern joy of battle."

The Southern soldiers are interested to learn the name of him, who first used the expression "Southern Confederacy." In a former number of the Magazine, it was shown that Brownlow was among the first at the South to avow the determination of "dying in the last ditch," for the preservation of slavery. In his fifth letter to his reverened brother Pryne, he favors an alliance with France as a means of establishing a "Southern Confederacy." Hear the holy and consistent martyr from Tennessee.

I, sir, *would favor an alliance with France* as a means of more effectually punishing and starving out the Abolitionists of the North. This far-seeing monarch of the French would unite with us *on our own terms*, as it would afford him an opportunity to crush the commerce and manufactures of Old England, and make her feel that she is dependent upon her ancient enemy, as well as atone for villainous treatment of his illustrious uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte.—Dissolve this Union, you infamous villains, and we shall make this proposition at once to Louis Napoleon, a most sagacious monarch, and he would quarter at New Orleans 200,000 Frenchmen, and at Chesapeake 200,000 more; we would then command the Mississippi Valley, *whip the Northwestern States into* OUR SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, and we would then turn upon the New England States, and cause the hurricane of civil war to rage and sweep from Mason and Dixon's line to the cod fisheries of Maine, until we would extinguish the last Abolition foothold on the continent of America! Face to face, knife to knife, steel to steel, and pike to pike we would meet you, and as we would cause you to bleed at every pore, *we would make you regret, in the bitter agonies of death*, that you had ever felt any concern for the African race!

From whom did the new "apostle of liberty" borrow the phrase? The Haversack wants to know his name, his career during the war, and his present status, if he is still living.

Just before the battle of Knoxville, a little Dutchman in Kershaws's brigade received a letter from his parents in "Vaterland," begging him to quit the army.—On reading the letter, he exclaimed, "my brudder wrote dem dat, I vips him for dis." A few days afterwards, he lost his leg at that battle, and with the writer, also wounded, was left in the hands of the enemy. As soon as he was able, he concluded to reply to his father, winding up his letter by telling his parents that he had procured his discharge and would fight no more. "Why B—" I said, "don't you intend to tell them you have lost your leg?"—"No," was his reply, "that would make them sorrow for no good."

EDITORIAL.

When the observer turns his face towards sunrise in a clear morning, a long shadow will be projected towards sunset. At noon, a shorter shadow falls just before him at his feet. In the afternoon, a lengthened shadow returns towards sunrise. The German poet has beautifully likened this change of shadow to a picture of life. In youth, the thoughts are projected far forward into life, and all the conversation of the enthusiastic young, is about

the future, glaring with the colors of hope. In manhood, the busy present occupies the attention; the contemplation is more grovelling and dwells upon the brief passing moment. The middle-aged man talks and thinks of events now occurring. In old age, the thoughts go back to early life. Scenes and incidents, long since passed out of the memory, once more revert to the mind.—The venerable man becomes garrulous in the descriptions of his childhood. The shadows have lengthened backward, and they dwell lovingly upon the green sward where the boy played, and the dark forest where he gathered nuts and hunted for game.

The grand thought of the poet makes a living impression upon the mind, and all recognize its truth as well as its beauty. But we think that the rule above enunciated fails to apply to the Southern Jacobins, better known as "mean white men." They are generally past the meridian of life, but it is not probable that they love to dwell upon the incidents of the past, and to bring up the sweet memories of the years preceding the war. It seems that Jack Hamilton presided over a meeting in Texas, at which resolutions were adopted expressive of thanks to Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, for the chastisement of Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. Does that little piece of past history ever form a subject of conversation between Jack and Charley? Do the shadows go backwards for these loving friends and linger tenderly over that interesting scene? When the charitable, and christian John W. Forney talks out of the very fullness of "the great heart of humanity," of destroying all the men, women and children of the South, does Jack remind his friend of certain secession speeches of his in Texas, advocating the wholesale slaughter of the North? When Beecher and Cheever and all the holy men talk of the horrible sin of selling "a man and a brother" into slavery, does Judge Underwood tell them of a little experiment in that line made by himself? Does the shadow go back in the dial of Ahaz for the righteous Judge, and does it give a sombre hue to his spotless ermine? Does Brownlow find it pleasant to talk of the past with his present allies? Does he and brother Pryne talk over that friendly discussion in the city of brotherly love, when "liar," "cut-throat." "villain," were exchanged between them in the most loving and brotherly manner? When the reverend Tennessean meets an honest abolitionist, one so from principle and not from political motive, does he read extracts to the negrophilist from his letter to brother Pryne? Does he delight in showing his abolition friends this brief extract from his past utterances?

"Now, Mr. Pryne, may I ask you and your fellow-laborers in the *cause of the devil* to pause and lift the veil of the future, not a quarter of a century ahead of you, and use your influence to *stay the fanatical hand raised to strike the blow of ruin to your country!* Call around you a council of your head men and warriors—Senator Seward, Joshua R. Giddings, Chase, and Fred Douglass—for whom you are doing journey-work, and go to that victim in the lunatic asylum, Gerrit Smith, whose tool you have been for years, and upon whose money you have lived and fed your wife and children—ask them all if you had not better change your programme. If the response is not satisfactory, call a prayer-meeting, and have Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Cheever, and all the long-faced hypocrites who insult God and mock religion by calling upon Him for mercy—pray old John Brown and his confederates out of hell, where the whole batch of you are going with lightning speed! Ask God to forgive you for your wickedness—praying morning, evening and noon, with your face towards Harper's Ferry! Ask him to wash your filthy garments from the stain of the blood of your Kansas and Virginia murders, and importune Him until you get your answer—'go and sin no more—sin no longer against conscience and your country's laws and Constitution.' Don't pray for Heaven, for no power can qualify you to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem! Don't

ask for Mercy, for the winged messengers can never light on such mean and detestable creatures. Don't ask to be punished in Hell, for that would be inadequate to your crimes! Ask to be *annihilated*, or banished to the utmost verge of astronomical imagination, where the ghost of a negro may never rise up to remind you whence you came!"

Do the reverend brethren, so kindly alluded to, enjoy these precious reminiscences? Do they talk over them and make merry at the change of faith in the godly Tennessean? We happened to know some clergymen at the South who became captains in the rebel ranks, but wisely left before bullets began to fly. Each of them was called "Havelock" by his men, and talked eloquently of bringing a religious influence to bear upon the minds of the rebel soldiers. They now receive pensions from those they then so severely denounced, and are known at the North as "union martyrs of the South." What do these men talk about with their recently formed friends? Do they love better to talk with the clergy or the military? Have the shadows gone backwards for these ex-captains, and do they become garrulous in talking with Butler, about the scenes of the late war? When he tells them how with a powerful glass from his Observatory on Cobb's Hill, he once saw a live rebel soldier with a rifle in his hand, not more than three miles off, do they in return tell him how they raised companies and made war speeches, till they heard that rebel soldiers were getting hurt by union bullets? We confess that we have great curiosity to know what the new converts and the old saints talk about? Is the past entirely ignored, and, school-boy like, do they think only of the roseate future?

The wonderful German, the true poet of nature, has doubtless given a rule in regard to the conversation of men, which will not apply to the Southern Jacobin. But it is only because he is an anomaly, a nondescript, not subject to the usual laws governing mankind, and guided by one rule only in heart, speech and behavior,—that of supposed self-interest.

The sketch of Bishop Polk in the November number of this Magazine, came to us through a member of the family and therefore may be relied upon as entirely accurate.

At a time when the desire is general to perpetuate the fame and memory of beloved leaders, Editors are often tempted to publish biographies from persons entirely competent, but not fully apprised of all the facts. This error, which leans to virtue's side, we will try to avoid.

The first armed rebellion against the authority of the U. S. was organized by Daniel Shays, of Massachusetts. We quote from a loyal book. "A heavy debt lying on the State in 1786, and almost all the corporations lying within it; a relaxation of manners; a free use of foreign luxuries; a decay of trade; a general scarcity of money; and above all, the debts due from individuals to each other; these all were primary causes of this sedition. Heavy taxes, necessarily imposed at this time, were the immediate excitements to discontent and insurgency." Shays confined his operations mainly to interrupting the action of the Courts. He finally attempted to seize the arsenal at Springfield, then having 1,100 men under his command. He was opposed by Gen. Shepard with an inferior force. A skirmish ensued and Shays lost three men killed and one wounded. He retreated and his men soon after dispersed.

The next rebellion was in Pennsylvania, and is known as the "Whiskey Insurrection." "In 1791, Congress had enacted laws

laying duties upon spirits distilled in the U. S., and upon stills.—From the beginning of the operation of these laws, combinations were formed in the four western counties of Pennsylvania to defeat them; and violences were repeatedly committed." In 1794, the marshal of the district and the inspectors were compelled to flee from the country. President Washington issued his proclamation on the 7th August, ordering the insurgents to disperse, warning all persons against giving them aid and comfort, and calling upon good citizens every where to assist in quelling the disturbance. Gov. Lee, of Va., at the head of a respectable force marched into the disaffected counties and soon reduced them to obedience. The once threatening state of things ended almost without loss of life.

The third rebellion was that of Dorr in Rhode Island in 1843.—This proved to be quite a harmless affair.

The fourth rebellion, in order, was the secession of Massachusetts, upon the annexation of Texas. This was quite an innocent little insurrection. "Nobody was hurt" on either side.

We call attention to these four Northern rebellions, for several reasons. First, the States which nurtured rebels in their own bosoms, ought to exercise a little charity towards rebels born beyond their borders. Second, in the four first rebellions, the passions of men were fully as much heated as in the Southern rebellion, their threats were as violent, their resolution seemed to be as strong to win or die. But they passed off like a summer gale with some expenditure of wind, but with little of life. The Southern rebellion lasted for four years, and was at length suppressed, after rivers of blood had been poured out, by the active co-operation of Ireland, Germany and the other powers of Europe.—Does not this show that the distinguished author of the "Barbarism of Slavery" was slightly mistaken in his estimate of the imbecility and effeminacy of the Southern character? Third, the prompt dealing with all these revolts manifests the determination of the American people to preserve the integrity of the Union. The language of a Southern President was used as a battle cry against the South, "the Union must and shall be preserved." *We have no doubt that more men of Southern than of Northern birth rallied to this cry and enrolled themselves in the Federal army.* Kentucky alone furnished 93,000 men, Missouri, Tennessee, West Virginia, North Carolina, &c., sent out large quotas. We see it stated in the Atlanta Monthly that the best scouts in the army of Rosecrantz, and afterwards of Sherman, were from Tennessee.—The formidable cavalry of Sheridan came from West Virginia.—We of the South accept as final the determination of the American people that the Union shall be perpetuated. The disunionists will learn the same lesson in good time. The experience of the past shows that to them it will be a bloodless lesson. The windy hero of Lackawana will yield as readily as did Shays at Springfield and Dorr at Chepachet. Butler will become quiet when he learns that the bummers have taken all the silver spoons. Burnside will become an Union man, when he hears that there are no more pianos to capture. Schenck will cease to have military aspirations, when he finds out that it is not usual now to make military reconnoissances in rail-road cars. When these renowned warriors have grown calm, the civilians will abate their fury and the "Stars and Stripes" will once more float over the South, as an ensign of protection and not of subjugation. So may it be!